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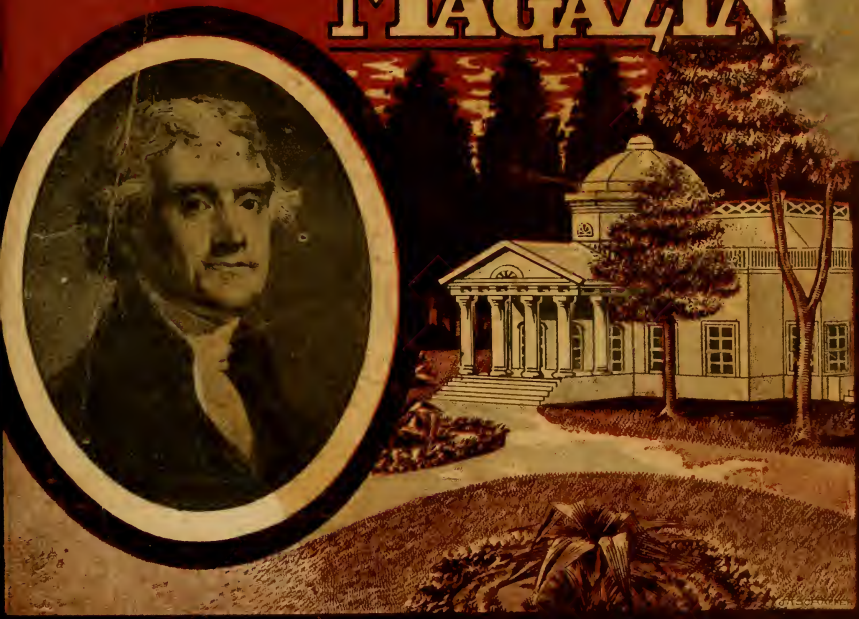

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Watson's Magazine for 1911

IT is our intention to make the Magazine more eclectic than heretofore. We will select the very best stories and articles from other periodicals, giving our readers the benefit of the best work of the best writers of the day. These selections will embrace literature of every kind, including fiction, biography, history, poetry, etc. In other words, a portion of the magazine will be turned into a kind of literary digest.

The articles on the Catholic Hierarchy will run throughout the year. It is Mr. Watson's purpose to relate the history of the Early Church, to trace its union with the Roman State, its rapid accumulation of power and riches, its seizure of pagan temples, and its adoption of pagan beliefs, forms, and ceremonies.

The story will take us through the Dark Ages during which the human mind was almost completely subjugated, and the European world filled with the horrors of religious persecution.

We will see the papal power encroaching in every direction, until at length the German nobles can submit no longer. Our story will deal with Luther, the Reformer, and the Thirty Years' War; also, with the heroic struggle of Holland against the overwhelming power of Spain.

There will be biographical sketches of the more enterprising popes, and the inside workings of the papal machine will be exposed.

Finally, the influence of the Jesuit in this country will be traced, and the corrupt bargain between the hierarchy and our government will be proved by incontestable evidence.

Mrs. Lytle will continue to contribute her special articles,

and she will take up, one after another, the industries of the South.

We expect to make our Educational Department still more helpful to the young and the old. Book Reviews, Letters from the People, the Survey of the World, and the Editorials will be given about the same space as heretofore.

The Watson Magazine was not established for the purpose of making money. It is one magazine where the advertising department has no influence on the make-up of the contents. It speaks the truth as we see it, and no power on earth can muzzle it. For suffering humanity everywhere we have a profound sympathy; and we mean to fight the battles of the oppressed with all the strength that is in us. To those who are struggling for better things, we would like to give aid. If the magazine is a terror to evil-doers, so much the better for the people.

If the Catholic clergy and the corrupt politicians do not succeed in throwing us out of the mails, you will see the good results of our work before a great while longer. You will see our laws changed for the better. You will see the average man taking a keener interest in his public business. You will see a higher type of man chosen as the representative of the people. You will see honester, purer methods in politics. Drunkards, gamblers, and men whose private lives are otherwise rotten will be relegated to oblivion. Public servants will be held to a stricter accountability. They will be required to prove, to the satisfaction of their constituents, that they have earned their salaries. Men who prostitute their official positions for their own pleasure or profit will find it impossible to remain in public life.

The indifference of the people to their public affairs has been the most valuable asset of the Marauding Corporation, and its tool, the corrupt politician. On the day when the average man becomes thoroughly alive to his public interests, the first nail will be driven in the coffin of Special Privilege.

Watson's Magazine

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Specially drawn for WATSON'S MAGAZINE

The Twin Stars of the Special Interests

The lower your viewpoint in this world the brighter the stars appear. From the depths of a deep abyss—or the bottom of a shaft of a Guggenheim mine—Sirius may be seen shining brightly in the sky of a midsummer day. So it is with the Twin Stars of the Special Interests—the people have been crowded down to the point where their rays become refulgent and the lookers-on are dazzled. When the billion-dollar Lighting and Heating Trust, recently incorporated by the Rocky-Morganheimers, turns on the caloric, look out for fresh paeans of praise from the Grastys and the Guntons and other disinterested patriots who are bound "Roycroftie," as Fra Elburtus might say, while from the throats of the befuddled common people will arise a swelling chant *de profundis*.

EDITORIALS

By THOS. E. WATSON

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY: THE DEADLIEST MENACE TO OUR LIBERTIES AND OUR CIVILIZATION

(Copyright by Thomas E. Watson)

[For the individual Roman Catholic who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father". If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I will deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter IV.

IN CANADA there was held, during the first week in October of this year, a great œcumenical council of the Roman Catholic Church. It is described in the newspapers as having been one of the most brilliantly successful functions this world has known. It is said that almost incredible numbers of people were in attendance, and that the devotion shown by the multitudes was so ardent that it struck despair into the heart of a Methodist clergyman, who exclaimed, "Protestantism will soon die out!"

The chief dignitaries of the council went to Washington City, where, according to newspaper reports, 12,000 people fell on their knees to receive the Pope's blessing, delivered by the papal legate, Cardinal Vannutelli.

They then went to New York to dedicate the great cathedral, and were there given an unprecedented ovation. The newspapers referred to them, day after day, as the "princes of the Church," and their dress is described as having been so magnificent, their ornaments so regal, their bearing so stately and imposing that the common people were awed into speechless admiration.

The details concerning the dedication of the temple, the mummeries and monkey motions of these "princes of the Church," their elaborate genuflections, the obsequiousness with which they were served, the flicking of the church walls with palm leaf steeped in holy water, the solemn farce of their carrying in procession the bones of alleged saints—all this was respectfully written up in the American newspapers without a single word of contemptuous comment. And yet, at this very moment, a Jew is mayor of Rome, and he does not

hesitate to denounce the Vatican and its policies in practically the same way that I do. Catholic France has thrown off the papal shackles, Spain is imitating the French example, and Portugal has broken the royal scepter to the cries of "Down with the priests!"

Discredited and despised in Europe, the Vatican wolves are seeking to make prey of America. Inasmuch as we have recently been witnessing the spectacle of papal splendor and wealth and power in Montreal, Washington and New York, it is a peculiarly appropriate time to take a look backward at Christ and twelve poor men who first believed in Him, and at the church which was founded by these faithful followers of the Homeless Wanderer of Gallilee.

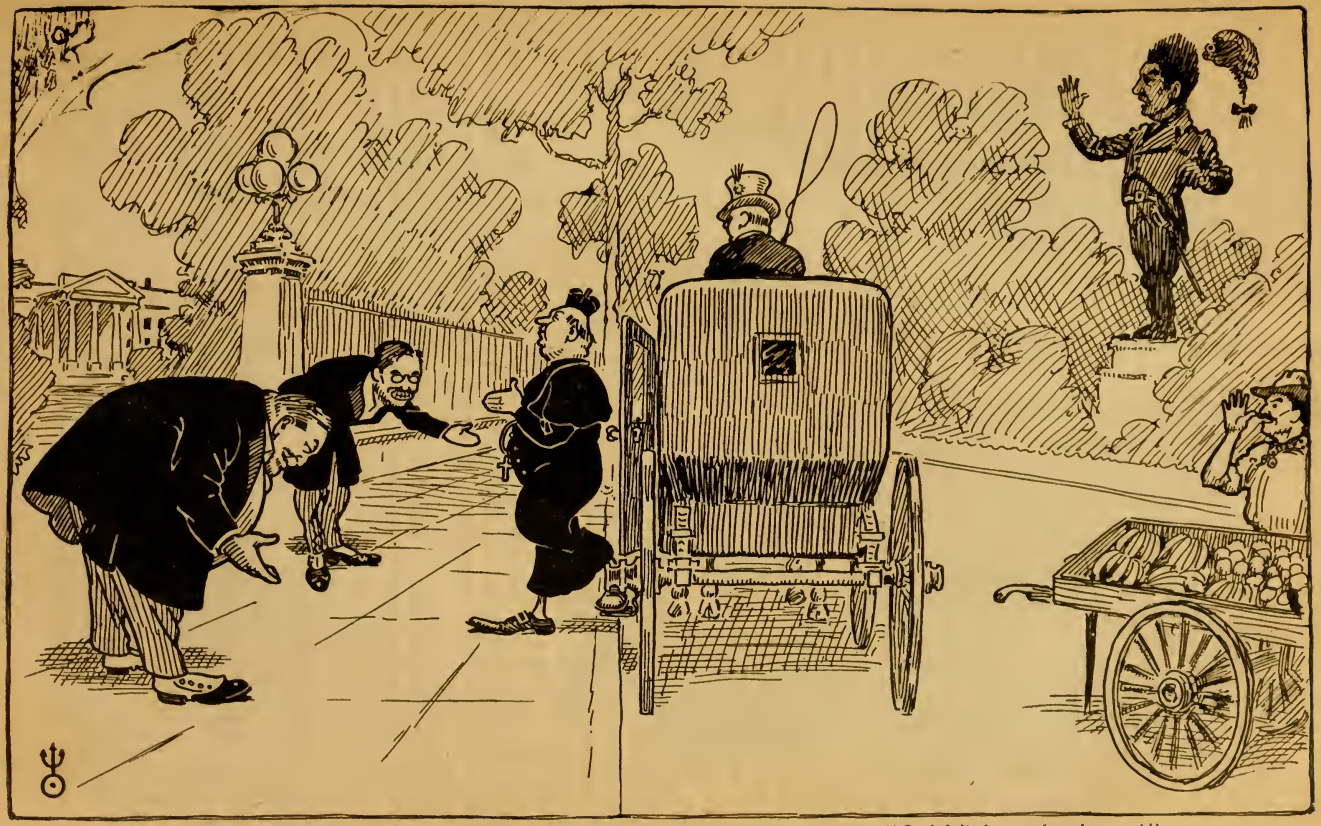
First of all, let it be candidly admitted that one's faith in the Christian religion must be founded on the internal evidence contained in the Bible, and the appeal which that evidence makes to his inner consciousness. Historical evidence of Christ and His work does not exist. Christ wrote nothing Himself, and nothing was written about Him until long after He had been crucified. The letters which He is said to have written and which appear in the newspapers periodically are impudent forgeries; and the well-known passage in Josephus is spurious. It breaks in upon the narrative of the Jewish historian and makes him admit what a Jew of his type would have considered sacrilegious. Some monk interpolated the passage hundreds of years after Josephus passed away.

The internal evidence, however, is amply sufficient. No one can study the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the intensely earnest Epistles of Paul, without being convinced of the truth of the essentials of the story. The very discrepancies which can be found in the four Gospels prove the honesty of the writers, and the absence of collusion between them; and the highest proof that the first converts to Christ profoundly believed in His divine mission is furnished by the fact that, instead of being terrified and scattered by his sudden death, they almost immediately afterward met and organized to preach His word throughout the world and to found His church.

It is of supreme importance that we understand, at the very beginning, the relation which these original apostles bore to one another. Were they equals, or not? Did Christ invest all of them with the same powers, or not? Did He single out any one of them as being better than the others? Did He give any one of them authority over the others? Were the first churches independent little democracies, or not? When a successor to Judas was chosen, how was it done—by appointment or by election?

These questions probe to the very bottom of things. If Christ Himself treated His disciples as equals and gave them equal powers, from whence came the ascendency claimed by Peter? If the Apostles treated each other as equals, by what right did their remote successors exalt one above all the others? If we find Christ Himself giving to all the disciples the right of binding and loosing, are we not sinning against the light when we maintain that that power belonged exclusively to Peter? When we argue that Christ meant to found His church upon the person of Peter, rather than upon the faith in Him which Peter expressed so boldly, do we not fall into a manifest absurdity? What was there about the person of Peter that was more sacred than was the person of John, the Beloved Disciple, or of James, the brother of our Lord?

To say that Christ meant to found His church upon the faith in Him as expressed by Peter, is a perfectly intelligible construction, which harmonizes all the various texts bearing upon the subject and explains the conduct of all



Well may the statute of Lafayette in the park opposite the Executive Mansion exclaim: *"Ceci fait dresser les cheveux!"*
It is surely enough to make the hair, even on a bronze image, stand on end.

the other apostles. The contention that Christ chose Peter for the Pontiff, the supreme head of His church, contradicts more than a dozen different passages in the New Testament, renders the conduct of the apostles inexplicable, ignores the historical facts as to the early churches, disregards Peter's own epistle and the estimate which he placed upon himself, and sets at naught the fact that Paul severely and publicly reprimanded him face to face, at Antioch, for having done wrong. At the beginning of his first epistle, Peter calls himself not a pope, but an apostle.

In Chapter V, first verse, he calls himself an elder, and his exhortation is addressed to other elders, whom he treats as his equals.

In his second Epistle General, he calls himself "a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ."

In Chapter III, second verse, he uses the words, "us, the apostles of the Lord and Saviour."

Thus it conclusively appears, from Peter's own words, that he claimed no supremacy over the other apostles. It never entered his head that he had any authority over the other professors of the faith. It was left to other ages and to other men, greedy for wealth and power, to discover that Christ had made one of His disciples master over the others.

As to Paul, he leaves no doubt whatever as to his conception of the matter.

(Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians.)

Chap. XI. 5: "For I suppose I was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles."

Chap. XI. 28: "Beside those things that are without, and that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

Chap. XII. 11: "For in nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing."

Thus we have the Apostle to the Gentiles boldly asserting his equality with The Twelve—all of whom he alludes to as equals to one another.

In Matthew, Chapter XXVIII, 18, the commission to "go and preach the gospel to all nations" is given to all the disciples equally.

In John XX, 22, He breathed upon all the disciples, saying upon them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted upon them: and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Thus the Power of the Keys was bestowed impartially and equally upon all the disciples.

Passage after passage in the New Testament proves that the apostles acted together as equals in sending out missionaries, in directing church work, in electing Matthias to take the place of Judas, in the laying on of hands and the working of miracles, and in the establishment of churches which were absolute democracies, independent of each other, and each free in the selection of its shepherd.

Indeed, when Matthias was elected the entire Christian community then in existence acted together as the electorate, each member being the equal of any other.

How any one can take the New Testament itself and defend the papal hierarchy with it is an almost inscrutable mystery. After all, it is the enslavement of the human mind, in its early and plastic state, by the priestly teacher, which accounts for the phenomenon.

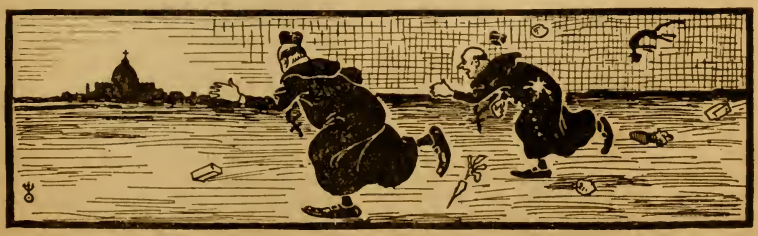
So far from its being the intention of Christ to set one apostle above another, He took the utmost pains to prevent that very abuse. When the mother of James and John asked Him to give first place in heaven to her two sons, He not only flatly refused her, but took advantage of the occasion to lecture His disciples, warning them against the example of the Gentiles, who had princes exercising dominion over them. Therefore, He most posi-

Abroad—A Royal Two-step

Papal Legate Vannutelli and the Rev. Vaughn, of England, cabled congratulations and pledges of loyalty to King George, and King George sent love and best wishes to Vannutelli et al., and everybody seems to understand and enjoy the merry little game except Pat!

In Italy Vannutelli's life is a public scandal, and in Rome he and his brother, also a Cardinal, are known as *fratres in iniquitate*—brothers in iniquity!

—FRANCOIS THANE.



At Home—A Super-royal Quick-step

tively and emphatically forbade the church to depart from the principle of perfect equality which He Himself had established. Yet the Catholic hierarchy did the very thing which Christ condemned; and the higher dignitaries in the church hughtily exact not only the name of prince, but the deference paid to the rank.

Upon another occasion, Christ commanded His disciples not to call anybody "Father" upon this earth; and yet the words "Holy Father" are ever on the lips of the devout Catholic, the appellation being given not to the one Father in Heaven, but to the old Italian gentleman who calls himself the "vicar of Christ."

The New Testament shows, not only that the primitive church was a pure democracy, but that every follower of Christ who felt called to preach, to make conversions, and to found a church, did so.

I do not mean to be understood as saying, however, that there was no difference in the offices held by the various converts. The collective vote of the Christian community decided who should be the individual that held these various offices, presbyters, or elders, teachers, etc. Paul himself enumerates the officers as (1.) apostles, (2.) prophets, (3.) teachers; but there is no power given save to do good, to instruct, and to enlighten. Not the least authority is granted to any of these authorities over his brethren, excepting such as they voluntarily rendered.

APPENDIX

CONSECRATING THE CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF CARDINAL VANNUTELLI.

Three times the archbishop and the priests and acolytes marched slowly around the cathedral, each tour taking nearly half an hour. On the first round the archbishop sprinkled the walls of the structure with holy water as high as his arm could reach. On the second round he sprinkled in a similar manner the walls at his feet, and on the third the part on a level with his face.

After each circuit the archbishop struck the front door with the base of his gold crosier, saying, in a voice that could be plainy heard by those who stood in the street:

"Lift up your gates, ye princes, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors," and each time the deacon within the church called out, so that the priests could hear, "Who is the King of Glory?"

After the first and second knocking, the archbishop replied in his usual loud voice: "The Lord, strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle." But after the last circuit the archbishop called out: "The Lord of armies. He is the King of Glory."

Then, after a final knock on the door with his crosier, the great doors were slowly opened and Father Martin was revealed, standing alone in the shadow with the lights of the altar sparkling brightly in the far distance.

The doors were then closed. This first part of the ceremony symbolized the triple immersion at holy baptism and the consecration of the soul as the spiritual temple of God.

ENTERING THE CHURCH.

As the archbishop entered the church the first notes of music were heard within. The chanters in the choir sang "Veni Creator Spiritus." The choir also recited the Litany of the Saints, and, as the archbishop was preparing for the ceremonies within, the choir chanted the canticle "Benedictus."

The next portion of the ceremony was opened by the archbishop tracing with the point of his crosier in ashes spread upon the floor of the cathedral first the Greek alphabet, and then the Latin alphabet.

This ceremony symbolized the instruction given to the newly baptized in the elements of faith and piety and the crossing of the lines of the alphabet pointed to the cross. The Greek and Latin languages are held to represent the Jews and Gentiles, and the Greek alphabet was written first because the Jews were first called to the Christian faith.

When the archbishop had written the last letter in the ashes he blessed the Gregorian water, a mixture of salt, water, ashes, and wine. Next he went to the main door of the church and traced with the point of his crosier a cross upon the upper part and another upon the lower part of the door inside.

Then he traced with the Gregorian water five crosses on the altar and then sprinkled the support and table of the altar seven times, passing around it seven times while the chanters recited the psalm "Miserere." He then sprinkled the walls of the interior three times, first the lower part, then that on a level with

his face and last the upper part, after which he sprinkled the floor of the church in the form of a cross. Returning to the middle of the church, he sprinkled the floor before him, behind him, and at his left and his right.

The ingredients of the Gregorian water used in these ceremonies are supposed to recall to mind the legal purifications of the Jewish people, the wine taking the place of blood. The cross traced on the door is a guard set lest the work of redemption in the church be thwarted by malignant influences from without.

The archbishop and priests then proceeded in solemn procession to the place where the relics were deposited. These relics are those of St. Beata and St. Felecetas, and were given to Archbishop Farley by Pope Pius X. during the last visit of the archbishop at Rome. St. Beata and St. Felecetas lived between the years 210 and 225.

During this interval the purple robes of the archbishop were covered with gold embroidered vestments. The relics were borne into the cathedral after one more circuit of the outside of the structure had been made. During this procession the clergy and all Catholics in the streets repeated "Lord, have mercy on us." At this interval many of the persons in the streets dropped to their knees.

Once more the archbishop returned to the western entrance, where he anointed with holy chrism, the oil of balsam and olives consecrated on Maundy Thursdays the pillars on each side of the entrance. Again he entered the cathedral, and at this time the persons having cards of admission were allowed to follow. All the remainder of the services of consecration were carried on within the cathedral.

On the walls of the church had been placed twelve crosses, and each of these were blessed. The crosses will remain permanently on the walls of the cathedral. Before each prayers were said and candles lighted. These candles were so fixed that they will continue to burn through the day and night, and will be put in place on every anniversary of the consecration.

The long service of consecration then closed with the blessing of the altar ornaments.

CELEBRATING MASS.

The time had now arrived for the celebrating of the solemn pontifical mass at 11 o'clock. Only persons holding tickets were allowed through the police lines, and there were many expressions of disappointment. It is estimated that fully 10,000 persons were admitted until all the seats and aisles were jammed.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession of clergy and laymen from the arch episcopal residence and college buildings around the cathedral and into the western entrance formed one of the most spectacular features of the ceremonies. First came the guard of honor with Inspector Schmittberger and several of his sergeants and lieutenants, in all the regalia their official positions allow them to wear, going on ahead.

Next came the three cardinals. It was the first time in local history that three members of the Sacred College had appeared together in an ecclesiastical procession. First came Cardinal Vannutelli, the papal legate, towering above every one else to his full height of six feet four inches. Then marched Cardinal Gibbons, the primate of America, slightly bent with age, and lastly, the venerable Cardinal Logue, *the primate of all Ireland*, even more bent with age than the only American cardinal. *All wore the red robes of their exalted position as princes* of the church.

* * * * * * * *

It was not mere curiosity that prompted Catholics to crowd the structure. It had been announced that an indulgence would be granted to all who entered the cathedral on the consecration day. This indulgence will be continued on a year from today, and in future the anniversary of the consecration—October 5—will be observed as a fast day, with especially elaborate services.—From the N. Y. *Globe and Commercial Advertiser*, Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1910.

WHAT WAS IT THAT SENATOR DOLLIVER WOULD HAVE SAID TO MR. WATSON?

LAST spring I addressed letters to the Insurgent Senators of the West, with a view to getting in touch with them for the purpose of cooperation. Such men as Cummins, Dolliver, Bristow and LaFollette are making substantially the same fight that we Populists made twenty years ago. True, they have not, as yet, taken up the money question, but that they will do so later on is inevitable.

Realizing how helpful the Western Insurgents might be to Southern men who hold substantially the same views, I wrote to Senator Dolliver suggesting an alliance between the great agricultural sections, the South and the West. His reply was as follows:

Washington, D. C., May 7, 1910.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson: I have your letter and would have answered it immediately if I had not been laid up with sickness. The matter which you introduce is not one which can properly be taken up in a letter. You and I undoubtedly have a great many ideas in common, but I doubt very much the wisdom of undertaking to unite one section of the country to another. The people of Massachusetts are as easily influenced in actions in relation to public matters as the people of Iowa are. At present the insurrection against special interests is more pronounced in Massachusetts than anywhere else. What we need in the United States is a national campaign scheme to unite the people, not sections of the country.

I wish you would come to Washington some day before Congress adjourns and I will lay before you the views which I entertain in relation to these matters. I will only go so far as to say that sound ideas in relation to the tariff and in relation to the control of the corporate organizations which are now transacting most of the business of the country can be propagated in every township of the United States with an audience equally eager to hear, to understand and to take action.

I have always remembered with enthusiasm your brief service in the House of Representatives and the great literary career you have had since. I have a great many things to tell you which are too long for a letter.

With cordial personal regards, I am,

J. M. DOLLIVER.

Dolliver's seat was not far from mine in the Fifty-second Congress, and we were naturally thrown much together. He was a handsome, manly fellow, jovial and companionable, liked by everybody. Inclined to be stout, and with a throaty voice, he was nevertheless one of the most brilliant and fascinating orators of his time.

The first great speech that I heard him make in Congress was in favor of the tariff. The fact that his last great fight should have been waged against the enormities of it was typical of the change which is sweeping over the country.

His sudden death is a serious loss to the public service. He had become thoroughly familiar with every public question, and was easily the master of any Standpat Republican in a Senatorial debate. He was only fifty-two years old, and his best work was ahead of him. It is hard to reconcile oneself to the fact that he is dead.

It is unnecessary for me to say how deeply I regret that we did not meet, as suggested in his letter, and have a full heart-to-heart talk on the situation. At that time my stay-at-home proclivities were unconquerable, and therefore I am left with vain regrets for a lost opportunity.

AN OMITTED POINT IN ANSWERING THE CLARK HOWELL LETTER

DEAR SIR: I saw in the October Magazine, in the Clark Howell editorial, this language: "Mr. Watson says now that in the campaign of 1906 Clark Howell was right, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Watson himself dictated the issues of that campaign and that Mr. Howell bore the brunt of Mr. Watson's personal antagonism." In your answer to the editorial you did not answer that passage, nor make any explanation, which fact puts you in the position of repudiating the issues of the 1906 campaign. I was in Georgia several days early in September and conversing with two men near Shellman—two rather intelligent men—one remarked, "Watson is too pessimistic." The other remarked, "He is too changeable." I think it very probable they had just seen the Howell editorial, but neither of them mentioned it. I think that needs some explanation from you. I cannot think for a moment that you repudiate the issues of that campaign. I was in Miller county the day of the primary and a few days after, and, much to my surprise, I heard Brown men say the Smith men bought votes. I heard it several times, but I did not hear the charge the other way. If I had been in Georgia, would have supported Smith, having no idea he was using corrupt influences. HORACE HICKS.

Ashford, Ala., Oct. 3, 1910.

Comment

It gives me pleasure to furnish the desired information. Time and again, my position in regard to the campaigns of 1906 and 1908 has been explained, but apparently there are those who refuse to listen and learn.

Once more, let me say with all possible brevity, that on the night of September 1, 1904, during the course of a speech in Atlanta, I made the proposition to support for Governor any Democrat who would make the race on a platform pledging him to restrict the ballot to white men.

Hon. Pope Brown announced himself as a candidate after having conferred with me through Sidney C. Tapp. When he had been in the field for some weeks, Pope Brown withdrew, to my great astonishment. As I learned months afterward, he had been deceived by Hardwick, who told him that I wished him to get out of the race in favor of Hoke Smith. The statement was, of course, an arrant falsehood. However, Brown got out and Smith got in, and after much hesitation and the greatest reluctance, I supported Hoke Smith because of the principles involved.

The main issue is clearly stated in an autograph letter which Smith wrote to me in June, 1906.

He wrote:

"June 29, 1906.

"Dear Mr. Watson:

"I have just reached home. I write you at once to thank you for the considerate attention which you gave me at Thomson. Although we differ in future, your generous support during the race, I can never forget. I would have called at your home Monday night but some one was in my room until 10 o'clock. How I wish you *could* come back to the Democratic Party! It was about this I wanted to talk to you.

"We need you on the stump. The state needs you. But if you speak as an outsider, the benefit of your work will be so much lessened. Nearly all the former Pouplists and many, many Democrats want you to return. You will have a cordial welcome. The corporate ring can control the negro. *We must whip the fight when none but white men vote.*

Ever your friend,

"HOKE SMITH."

In the campaign of 1906, Clark Howell, Major McGregor and others who opposed Smith, argued that the disfranchisement law would give the ballot to thousands of negroes and take it away from thousands of white men. I could not believe this, and was not convinced until after the Hoke Smith legislature passed the new registration law.

In his letter to me, Hoke Smith stated correctly that our purpose was "to whip the fight, when none but white men can vote." Under the new regis-

tration act which he and Boykin Wright hatched up, *nearly one hundred thousand white man have been disfranchised, and more than twelve thousand negroes have registered.* Consequently, the facts themselves forced me to admit that Clark Howell and Major McGregor had been nearer right than I could have believed.

Under the old white primary plan, which we had before this new law was passed, none but white men voted. Under the operation of the present law, however, *every one of the registered blacks is entitled to vote in the white primary.* Therefore, it is a literal fact that Hoke Smith has given the negro the balance of power in Georgia. Unless that abominable law is repealed, there will soon be forty or fifty thousand registered negroes, for whose support all white candidates will have to bid against each other.

(To prevent me from explaining this to the eight thousand gentlemen and ladies who had assembled at the Auditorium on the night of September 2, last, the hoodlums who took their orders from Hardwick and Hoke Smith howled me down.)

To remedy the intolerable situation made by the new registration law, two courses are open to us:

1. To repeal the new statute and return to the old white primary. The only objection to this is that the old white primary is a mere party custom, and could be thrown aside in an emergency.

2. To repeal the Registration Act, amend our state constitution, and restrict the ballot to white men who pay their taxes. It can be demonstrated that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States did not receive the necessary two-thirds in either branch of Congress, and that it did not receive the ratification of the requisite three-fourths of the states.

Consequently, it is null and void, and the Supreme Court of the United States will so hold whenever a test is brought before it.

Having been asked recently to explain how the new registration law disfranchises white men, I will state that it does so by adding so many difficulties to the exercise of the voting privilege.

(1.) By requiring the citizen to write his own name on the book. Heretofore, the payment of taxes in person, or by messenger, or by check, registered the voter. Very frequently our taxes are paid through others or by mail; if we happen to be careless or forgetful, we are apt to let the books close on us before going to the tax collector's office to sign our names, and is the honest voter who gets caught in this way; whereas, the fellow who means to sell his vote is sure to qualify himself for the purpose.

(2.) The books close six months before the election, thus depriving the citizen of two or three months during which he ought to have the right to register. Besides, it makes no provision for the registration of young men who become of age during the six months preceding the election.

(3.) The registrars have entirely too much power. In many instances they have arbitrarily thrown out the names of qualified voters, and there is reason to believe that, in other cases, they have discriminated in favor of parties who had a pull with the county machine.

(4.) The law makes no provision for the man who has been misinformed as to the amount of taxes due. It is an outrage to erase the name of such a man from the registration list when he has, in good faith, gone to the tax collector, inquired the amount of his taxes, and paid the amount required of him. If, in such a case, the tax collector or the registrars, discover that a mistake has been made in the amount due, the citizen should be given an opportunity to pay the remainder before he is robbed of his right to vote.

These are the main reasons why so many white men have been disfranchised by the new law.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE BINDING FORCE OF A PARTY NOMINATION?

IT is to the selfish interest of the politician to teach the people to revere a party nomination. They do this in order that the corrupt methods by which they obtain the nomination shall not react upon themselvs. Accordingly, we hear the unscrupulous men who secure the majority by the most dishonorable means loudly preaching the doctrine that the voters are honorbound by the nomination, no matter how it was secured.

Such a doctrine is pernicious. If the people accept it, the consequences will be most disastrous to popular self-government.

If you will think about it a moment, you will realize that a nomination should not be more sacred than a contract. It should not be held in greater reverence than a deed, a bill of sale, or a last will and testament. The most formal and solemn legal contracts and conveyances are set aside if it is discovered after they are made that there has been fraud in their procurement, or that they are tainted with an illegal or immoral consideration.

The same principle should be applied to political nominations. Unless this is done, the voter has no redress at all.

If the citizen discovers, after the nomination has been made, that a fraud has been practiced upon him, he should treat the nomination as null and void. There being no law to reach the case and no forum in which to try it, each voter should bring the matter before the tribunal of his own conscience, and there decide it. No law-abiding citizen should feel honor-bound to support a nominee whom he has discovered to be a drunkard and a gambler, or a man who has secured the nomination by the illegal use of money or whiskey, nor should he feel bound to support a nominee who has practiced a gross deception upon the people. In no case should the upright elector cast his ballot for a candidate, be he nominee or not, whose private life is discovered to be rotten.

If public sentiment would swing round to this position, candidates would be compelled to obtain nominations by honest methods. I can think of no other way which would so swiftly put an end to immoral practices and to the political life of immoral men.

There is deadly danger to the country in the orthodox doctrine that a primary nomination covers all sins. In the sovereign people rests the power of self-government, and they should disregard all rules and technicalities which tend to deprive them of the right to choose the best men for office.

If the people will boldly accept this view and vigorously act upon it, public offices will begin to seek the best type of manhood. On the contrary, if they persist in acting upon the old plan of sticking to the nominee, no matter how he got the nomination, the worst type of politician will continue to be the successful one.

When we say that we will be bound by the nomination, regardless of methods, we simply put a premium on corrupt practices. That's the main reason why the highest type of American manhood is not representing the people today.

TWO OF THE SOLDIERS WHO FIGURE IN THE WAR STORY KNOWN AS "BETHANY"

ONE of the old friends who greeted me at Lincolnton on the day when we started the Insurgent Movement in Georgia against the Rule-or-Ruin politicians was Toombs Cullars. He is a little older than he used to be and not so red in face, hair, or whiskers; but he is just as jolly and warm-hearted as ever, and it was a pleasure to take him by the hand.

Here is the letter which accompanied the photograph which he sent me at my request:

Lincolnton, Ga., Sept. 12, 1910.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Old Red Top: According to promise enclosed you will find a protograph of myself. Not knowing when I will have a chance to have another one taken, you may have one struck from this that will answer. Hope you are well. I am not too well myself at present.

Yours as ever,
R. T. CULLARS.

Toombs was one of the impetuous youngsters who rushed off to the Civil War, afraid only that the thing would be over before he could get there. He made a faithful soldier to the very end, and I therefore put him in the book which pictures the condition of the Old South just before the war, and which tells also the tragic love story of my youngest uncle, William M. Watson.

If I had known, at the time the book was written, that Mr. W. A. Scott, now of Richmond, Virginia, did in fact serve in the same company with my gallant uncle, he also would have been given a place in "Bethany."

Mr. Scott was good enough to visit me two or three years ago, and he described vividly how he and my uncle and a few others had been cut off from their command in the Blue Ridge Mountains above Afton, Virginia.

Mr. Scott said that the Federal officers had actually espied them through their glasses and that some of the Confederates said, "We had just as well surrender."

Whereupon, "Billy" Watson said: "I am going to get through or die." Mr. Scott expressed the same determination, and after several days and nights of dodging, during which they had nothing but wild fruits and berries to eat, they succeeded in getting through the Federal lines and rejoining their command at Charlottesville.

ROBERT TOOMBS CULLARS
Who figures in "Bethany"

There has been so much said in the *Jeffersonian* about the tragic love story of my uncle and his sweetheart, whose true name was Jennie Thomas, that our readers may like to know how he looked. We therefore present a cut made from an ambrotype taken just

before he set out for the army. You will see that his beardless face is that of a boy. You will see on his countenance the pride and confidence of robust youth. You will note that on his cap he is wearing the "favor" of his sweetheart. It consists of a short scarf of silk, from which dangles the long flossy tassel. You will not be slow to get the impression that he was a young man of great gallantry among the ladies, just as he was a hero in the eyes of those who served with him in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Theodore Roosevelt is not by any means the only man who has said, "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee." You will not censure me for being intensely proud of the fact that my favorite uncle was one of the most dashing of those soldiers, and that he contributed his share toward the great victory at Chancellorsville.

After that, he came home to die—having been stricken in Virginia with the terrible camp disease which carried off so many of our brave men.

WM. M. WATSON
Died Dec. 8, 1863

A FREE MAN

I PICK up a respectable newspaper—the New York *Tribune*, for example, and I glance at the editorials. How long does it take me to learn that the editors of that respectable newspaper recite lessons to please the Boss?

Any breath of freedom in those columns? Not enough to inflate a gnat.

To support the Administration, to echo Wall Street, to buttress the money-bag aristocracy of America and the birthright aristocracy of Great Britain—that's the mission of the newspaper for which Horace Greeley worked himself to death, a paper now dominated by as colorless a snob as ever truckled at the feet of wealth and power.

But the *Tribune* is no exception; it is the rule. Editors have no independence; newspapers have none. Editors are hired men only, and newspapers are controlled by syndicates and corporations.

Editors write to order. Newspapers publish or suppress by order.

* * * * * * *

I see Mr. City Preacher, decently clad in sober black, step into his pulpit and face the "dearly beloved." In front, close up, sit the principal rascals of the vicinity. The usurer; the man who grinds the life out of the poor by extortionate prices on food and fuel; the unctuous robber who secured secret rebates from lawbreaking railroad managers and ruined a thousand dealers to make his own pile; the railroad wrecker, who stranded a magnificent property, forced it to sale, bought it in for a song, reorganized it, filled it with millions of dollars of watered stock, plundered every patron of the road in the ruthless resolve to make the road earn dividends on fictitious capitalization, and who now counts himself a millionaire, while his victims count themselves paupers—they all sit, pious-faced, fronting Sir Preacher. They are as choice a lot of modern thieves as God ever frowned upon; and what does Mr. Preacher have to say to these church-going, pew-paying scoundrels?

Does he lash them with whips of scorpions, as his Master did?

Does he drive them forth in shame and with stripes from the temple which their presence defiles?

Not so. Poor little ecclesiastical slave! He cuts his sermon to suit those who pay that fancy salary of his, and whose check-books are needful to the extravagant, unchristian style in which his church is run.

Not only does he rub the hair the right way on the notorious rascals who sit before him, but if wicked Gentiles dare hurl a word of condemnation against these fat sheep of his flock the Dr. MacArthurs are ready to tune up the voice of adulation and to disgust the decent, right-minded men of all ranks by throwing the mantle of ecclesiastical protection over the most infamously successful of all those who have grown rich in robbing the weak.

* * * * * * *

The world is not a-hungry for prosaic, meaningless facts—materialistic and unemotional; what the world needs is the holy faith and enthusiasm which lift men out of their native mud, the sweep of the master-hand on the mystic chords of Passion, the surging of the great deeps of sentiment, the resurrection of the Spirit of Consecration to Duty which exalts men, blinds them to danger, deafens them to abuse, steels them against ridicule, deadens them to persecution, and sends them forth mail-clad in the armor of deathless determination to fight and die for the Right.

We want men in pulpits who will

lash the rich rascals who sit in the pews; who will tear the church to pieces rather than see it longer used as the City of Refuge by every pelf-laden scoundrel who can run in at the door before the avengers of crime can nab him.

We want men in the editorial-room who will write what they honestly think, or write nothing at all—men who are not afraid of driving fat advertisements away, men who will go up against political and commercial knaves no matter what family or corporation or political party they belong to, men who will beard such thieves as J. P. Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, Chauncey Depew, Simon Guggenheim, Nelson W. Aldrich, John D. Rockefeller, and say to them: "Sirs, yau are a gang of shameless, unprincipled, law-breaking robbers, and if you don't drop the stolen goods I will rouse your victims till they rise in the elemental wrath of human nature and strinng you up to the nearest lamp-post.

We need political leaders who are not cowards, who cannot be bought, who are not ashamed to own allegiance to plain people.

We need tribunes whose principles are not to be lengthened or shortened by the resolutions of political conventions. We are tired, tired unto death, of place-hunting statesmen who dress in a new stage costume for each national campaign. We are tired, mortally tired, of self-constituted leaders who reject any truth, reform or sound principle which does not come through the crooked lane of party politics. We want men whose ideas of Right defy the trickeries of party management, whose principles stand out like eternal hills against the sky-line, and who will suffer any isolation, any persecution, any personal loss rather than soil or surrender a single shred of the glorious life-garment of sacred conviction.

If ever our Government is halted in its downward course, *the men who are Free* will do it. If cowards, trimmers, place-hunters, hirelings, pelf-seekers, corporation serfs continue dominant, as they now are, our future admits of no uncertainty; we will reel forward toward the bottomless pit of imperialistic plutocracy which has engulfed every republic known to history.

ANOTHER DAY OF INDIAN SUMMER

YESTERDAY the lithe, graceful grey-squirrels were busy laying in their winter supplies, down at my old home-place. Epicures that they are, they prefer the paper-shell pecan to the hickory-nut; and they are carrying off the whole crop. The first hint of cold weather has made the colony busy as bees; and I should not wonder if every pair of squirrels stores away a couple of hundred pecans.

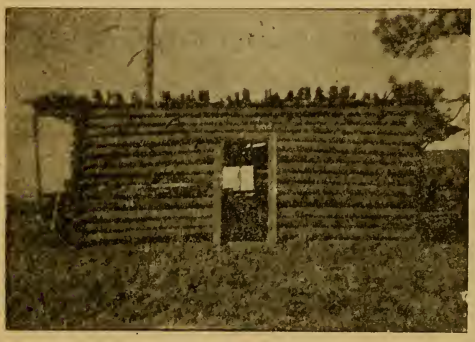
Yes, I planted those trees, many years ago; and as I watch those beautiful little creatures enjoying the nuts, it seems to me that I ought to be feeling older than I do, and should have a deeper feeling that Winter is near.

When it *does* come, I wonder if I shall have the keen enjoyment of the stored-away treasures which my industry accumulated, in my youth and middle age; and if, somewhere, I will greet the coming of another period of youth and usefulness—some radiant Easter beyond the gates of Night.

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

CAMERON, GA., March 4, 1876.

AFTER closing my school at Double Heads, I went to Augusta to apply for admission to the Bar. The Superior Court sat one week afterwards and my petition was duly presented by Judge William R. McLaws. The following morning was assigned for my examination. The committee consisted of Judge Wm. R. McLaws, Solicitor General Davenport Jackson, John S. Davidson, and Thos. H. Gibson. I passed it with the compliments of the Judge, Wm. Gibson, and the kind notices of the city papers.



THE SCHOOL AT GOLOID, WHERE THOS. E. WATSON TAUGHT

I came to Scriven immediately, visiting Mr. Thompson. I attended the Superior Court of Sylvania and made my first fee by drawing and presenting a petition from Thomas G. Wilson for the sale of a trust estate. I obtained the Order necessary and received ten dollars for my services. From here I went to Marland's Mill and commenced practising, boarding with my firm friend, Ed. Gross, Jr., after the first month. At the beginning I had considerable difficulty in drawing my papers correctly, for I never had any one to instruct me. But I am gradually improving and I obtain a good run of business. Last March I made twenty-five dollars. By taking a school during the dull season, I hope to be able to come out all right. I came near forgetting to state that I bought a horse from Sam Howard. I continued to practise till March. Business then came to a halt. My expenses were twenty dollars per month and I couldn't stand the crisis. I sold my horse and took a small private school till June. Then I moved into the Cail neighborhood and opened a public school. It never exceeded twenty-five pupils, but it was a very pleasant school—giving the fullest satisfaction to the patrons. I dismissed the pupils at noon on the twenty-fifth of August, and they had a nice party in the evening. During the three months of the school, I boarded with Homer Cail, Esq., an old gentleman with whom time passed very pleasantly.

(This place is now called Goloid. The ruins of the school house remain. I have been recently told that the owner of the ground on which they are located, refuses to sell it, or to allow the ruins removed.—T. E. W., Oct. 13, 1910.)

* * * * *

Ever since I was about fourteen years old I have been a poetaster. My first effusion had its origin in an affection for Miss ——. Many were the snatches of doggerel that I composed in her honor.

When Frank Curtis, of Thomson, died I wrote a few stanzas to his memory. I got Truman Neal to hand them to Henry Roney, Editor of the *McDuffie Journal*. They were printed,

and when I saw them in type they were so very sorry that I was ashamed of them. After that I kept my rhyme among my private papers. Indeed I think I quit writing it entirely. During my college days, however, thoughts of Miss —— again gave a poetic glow to my fancies, and once more I "lisped in numbers".

At length, I mustered courage again, revised a piece on John Howard Payne which I had composed in 1875, and sent it to the *Herald* and *Georgian*, of Sandersville. It was published, and I followed it with a concentration of two of my love pieces, called "Give me a Kiss." I threw a good deal of heart-felt tenderness into the poem, and it attracted considerable attention in the county.

After this I composed, while going to and from my school at Pine Grove Academy, a piece on "The Farm," which was published in the *Georgia Grange*, and complimented by the Editors, to say nothing of the pleasant encomiums passed upon it in private.

Since then I have not had time to publish anything superior to what I have already published, though I hope to do so soon.

Yesterday I received a letter from E. L. Whatley, Editor of the *Whatley Enterprise*, a gentleman unknown to me, complimentary to the poems printed in the *Herald* and *Georgian*. He kindly advises me to write for some paper of wider circulation. His letter is very encouraging and has given me a great deal of hope. It was kindly meant, and I thank the Author with earnest gratitude.

* * * * *

In the fall of 1876 Glenn Thompson and I hitched up his noble steed, Galus, and set out on a trip to Augusta. We had planned to keep Bachelor's Hall, and run a farm; and we were going to Augusta to get some furniture and things. Well, the weather was fair, and we were in that jocose mood which can make fun out of anything. So it was continual laughter most of the way. I had my fiddle along, and I waked the sylvan echoes with it a good deal.

We remained in Augusta several days. Going back, we took things more quietly.

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Bachelor's Hall. The Last of Scriven County.

About this time Glenn Thompson and I were living in a little cottage not far from the main dwelling, keeping Bachelor's Hall. We had a rousing time of it sometimes; and then, again, it was pensive, for we both had our troubles. At night my fiddle waked the silence among the pines, and Glenn studied his sermons. We planned to live there during 1877, and were going to buy another place, neither one of us having a copper in our pockets. Then I heard of a good school in Tom Andrews' neighborhood and went down prospecting. The outlook was good for 1877 but in the meanwhile (Fall of 1876) I had nothing to do. I got morose, moody, and sulky. I used to lie down under the pines and try to imagine where the dickens I was drifting to, and what awful change had come over the spirit of my dream, that I was getting so near the bottom. Looking at the matter in an unprejudiced light, it didn't require much wisdom to see that the "Wild Oats" business was ruining me.

I grew tired of a course in which the more brute a man is, the more successful he is.

I was determined to "go up, and gather lilies." The State Lecturer's place in the I. O. G. T. was in my reach, but the office was abolished. Then my eyes turned wistfully to Thomson. Mr. Pearce said he would give me a chance. Riding back from the Station where I had received his letter, the glad, fierce feeling of a new life opening to me rose and swelled till the woods rang with the whoop that

burst from my lips. It was a glorious feeling, and right there did my destiny turn the corner.

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It may serve a good purpose to incorporate here a passage from the Temperance address already referred to in a preceding chapter.

In spite of the 37 years which have intervened, the scene in the Macon barroom is vividly fresh in my memory.

From a Temperance Address.

(Scriven County, Nov., 1874.)

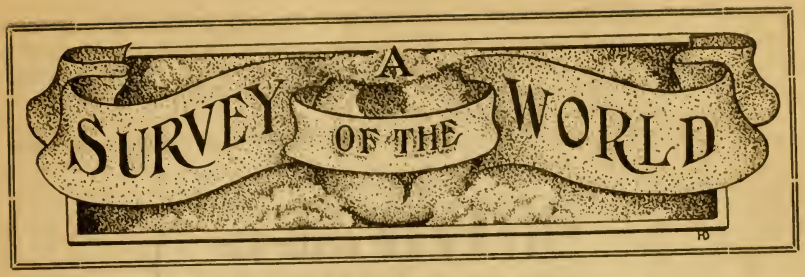
While attending college last year at Macon, I had occasion, one bitterly cold day in January, to go on an errand to the farther side of town. It was evening and the shades of night began to descend as I turned to retrace my steps to the "Students' Hall." The wind howled dismally through the deserted streets and the winter rain came down drearily upon the sidewalk. Feeling thirsty, I stepped into one of the small stores to get a drink of water. After passing the door, I saw at a glance that it was a grocery. At the bar, with a glass of whiskey before him, stood a young man, apparently about twenty-five years old. It was no uncommon sight to see a man take a drink and, having obtained the water, I was just leaving, when my attention was arrested by the entrance of an old woman. She leaned for support upon a stick, her clothes were ragged and dripping with rain and she was shivering painfully with cold. In a tremulous voice she said to the young man, "My son, I have come to you for a little money to buy some wood. The fire has gone out and I am almost frozen." Turning upon her angrily, he replied, "I don't care if your fire has gone out. I haven't any money to be throwing away on you. Go home, and don't come here bothering me any more. I don't care a damn if you freeze." With that, he tossed off his dram. Slowly and sadly the poor creature turned once more into the cold night to meet the wind, the rain, and to return to her poor hut without a spark of fire. God only knows how she spent the night, but I hope never again to hear such words spoken to a parent, or to see such a heart-broken expression as they brought to that mother's face.

"The Indomitable Will"

Alonzo Rice

Because I toiled and failed once at a task,
With purposeless zeal, shall I now suspend
Further attempt? Wear failure's tinsel mask?
Bound by disaster's shackles to the end?

No! With tomorrow, breaking this restraint,
And faced about, full-purposed to the last,
In brightest tints the future I shall paint,
And not retouch the background of the past!



By THE EDITOR

ONE of the most perplexing personalities in American politics just now is Theodore Roosevelt. What is his plan and what does he stand for? What does he mean by his "New Nationalism"? I frankly confess that I, for one, am puzzled. His definitions are not lucid, and his various speeches irreconcilable with one another. After insurging uproariously out West, he went back to New York and indorsed the work of Aldrich and Lodge. In the newspapers he is being quoted as being dissatisfied with the New York platform; yet it was framed by a convention which was under his control. He himself named the committee which made the platform; and although he made speeches on the floor of the convention, he did not utter one word against the standpatter. The indorsement of the tariff contained in the New York platform does not vary in substance from what he himself wrote in the *Outlook*. While the numerical defeat of Boss Barnes and Vice-President Sherman in the convention was loudly heralded throughout the country, a more careful study of what took place leads one to the conclusion that the final victory is for Taft and not Roosevelt. Having specifically indorsed the Taft administration and the new tariff, I don't see very well how Mr. Roosevelt can be a candidate for 1912.

It looks as though Mr. Roosevelt had been very cleverly tricked by the Taft partisans.

* * * * *

In his eulogy on John Brown in Kansas, Mr. Roosevelt lost all sense of historical proportion. His rhapsody reminds one of Victor Hugo. Mr. Roosevelt has evidently forgotten—if he ever did know—that Abraham Lincoln denounced John Brown bitterly. Such a Radical and fearless Republican as Andrew Johnson excoriated the Kansas fanatic in the United States Senate. A man who was so bloodthirsty and so pitiless as to go at night and break open the homes of innocent people, drag unsuspecting men and boys from their beds, and hack them to pieces brutally cannot be classed with the humane reformers who have made the world better by their sacrifices.

The methods of John Brown were those of a ruthless robber and murderer; and the Republican platform of 1860 correctly termed his invasion of Virginia as the "worst of crimes."

That he gave his life for an idea does not entitle him to any higher rank than that held by the fanatics who killed Henry IV, William the Silent, the Empress of Austria, President Carnot, and Abraham Lincoln. In each of those cases, there can be no doubt that the assassin was inspired by honest fanaticism. In each case the murderer must have known before-

hand that his own life would pay the forfeit of his crime; nevertheless, the world execrates their memories. The deluded Booth thought that his mad deed would help the Southern whites; the deluded Brown thought that his mad deed would help the Southern negroes; Booth slew one man, while Brown slew half a dozen. Wherein do the crimes differ? If midnight murders are to be excused on the ground of delusional insanity, and their perpetrators elevated to the position held by Joan of Arc, the world owes a complete reversal of judgment to those who made martyrs of the early Christians as well as to the bloodiest monsters of the French Revolution.

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In his address at the Arkansas State Fair, Mr. Roosevelt made another strenuous effort to define the "New Nationalism." He explained that it meant the elimination of Special Privilege. That being so, Mr. Roosevelt is now squarely on the Populist platform. To state the same thing in different words, he is a Jeffersonian Democrat.

New Nationalism —New York *World*

But how can Mr. Roosevelt or any one else reconcile the Arkansas speech with the New York platform, which indorses the Aldrich tariff? That measure is the mast extreme and disgraceful exhibition of Special Privilege that the world has ever known. The Senators of the Rubber Trust, the Smelter Trust, the Wool Trust, the Steel Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Lumber Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the Dry Goods Trust wrote out the 850 amendments which their masters demanded be put on the Tariff Bill as framed in the House. As finally reported by President Taft, the new tariff puts a tax of 37 per cent on the rich man's imported wine and a tax of 165 per cent on the poor man's blankets—a tax of 50 per cent on the rich man's automobile and of 250 per cent on the poor man's overcoat.

In a convention which was completely dominated by Mr. Roosevelt, this infernal tariff was indorsed. Although he made speeches on the floor, he uttered no word of protest against the platform. In fact, the New York platform's indorsement of the new tariff law goes no farther than Mr. Roosevelt had gone in an editorial in the *Outlook Magazine*. Yet he now comes southward and contends that he is an opponent to Special Privilege.

Mr. Roosevelt may not be aware of it, but he is in danger of becoming the Great National Joke.

THE dispatches sent out from Atlanta after the gubernatorial election were carefully prepared in advance to mislead the outside world. Within the borders of the state, however, it is well known that the Insurgent movement made a very decided impression. Not only did the Rule-or-Ruin nominee receive an unprecedentedly small vote, but even that was given to him with extreme reluctance. Nothing but a profound sense of party loyalty prevented him from being defeated. Not less than forty thousand men cast their ballots against the Rule-or-Ruin nominee, but upwards of 100,000 registered white voters rebuked him by refusing to vote.

The Insurgent movement, instead of being discouraged, grows stronger day by day. It will never stop until it runs out of public life every official whose lack of moral character unfits him for positions of public trust.

THE eyes of the world have been directed to Portugal, where a revolutionary uprising has made a fugitive of the king. The storm has long been brewing, and it burst when Professor Bombarda was murdered by an army officer. The populace flew to arms; there was furious fighting in the streets; the hated palace was shelled by a war vessel in the harbor; and the royal family escaped secretly to Gibraltar.

A republic was immediately proclaimed under the presidency of Theophile Braga, and it was recognized without hesitation by some of the European powers.

Enraged mobs stormed the monasteries and nunneries, the Jesuits being the objects of peculiar detestation. The new government gave the religious orders—Roman Catholic, of course—twenty-four hours in which to leave the country. Inasmuch as there is no country in Europe which will tolerate these wolves, they will probably flock to the United States, where the deplorable apathy of the Protestant Churches and the cowardice of our own editors and politicians give such vast advantages to the Roman priesthood.

The underlying causes of universal discontent in Portugal were the union of church and state, the revenues drawn from the public taxes by the priests and nuns, the profligacy of the royal family, and the general distress among the common people. It is

claimed that the young king's infatuation for a beautiful French actress, and his lavish gifts of crown jewels and public money to her, had much to do with his downfall.

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They Will Roost Together —Houston *Post*

Jesus Christ taught the doctrine of non-resistance. His followers were expressly commanded to turn the other cheek. They were even told not to resist the robber. The Jesuits of Portugal furnished a vivid illustration of how the Roman heirarchy pervert the Scriptures. They fired upon the Republicans and hurled bombs from the convent windows. They took human life in the effort to hold their property, and when they could no longer fight they escaped through the underground passages which monasteries and nunneries usually have. When we reflect that the Portugese are almost universally Catholics, and then read the account of how savagely the nuns

and priests were attacked in Lisbon, we can easily imagine what kind of a reputation these religious orders must have made for themselves.

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As the anniversary of the murder of Professor Ferrer approaches, the agitation in Spain becomes more intense. The hatred borne to the priests and the nuns by the common people is almost at the boiling-over point, and the Spanish authorities have taken extraordinary precautions against it. It is practically certain that the anti-clerical spirit will triumph throughout continental Europe. Where it is best known, the Roman Catholic heirarchy is most despised and detested.

GREAT forest fires have desolated wide areas in Minnesota along the Canadian border. It is said that for a distance of fifty miles the forest was a solid mass of fire on Sunday, October 9. It is reported that a thousand lives have been lost and that thousands have been burned out of house and home and are fugitives without food. The State of Minnesota has proclaimed martial law within the burned-over territory; and the most energetic efforts are being put forth to check the fire. It is said that dry moss to the depth of one and two feet covers the ground, and that therefore it is necessary to dig wide and deep trenches to stay the progress of the flames.

THE war between the labor unions of Los Angeles, California, and the newspaper owned by General Harrison Gray Otis culminated in a great tragedy. His printing establishment was dynamited and many of his employees killed. There is circumstantial evidence of a carefully prepared plot, not only against the publishing plant, but against the life of General Otis. Comparing this case with the murder of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the Socialists have got control of the labor unions of Los Angeles. Wherever the Socialists dominate labor unions, a spirit of lawlessness takes possession of them. This has been demonstrated in England and is being demonstrated in the United States.

Nobody could believe that men like Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Joseph Buchanan would countenance the destruction of property and the taking of human life; but Socialists of the type of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone would stop at nothing. That these three last named were directly responsible for the murder of Steunenberg, there can be no doubt whatever. Socialists of similar type will probably be found to be at the bottom of the Los Angeles crime.

GREAT BRITAIN has been going through labor troubles of serious magnitude. The boiler-makers, the railroad men, and the operatives in cotton mills have manifested a revolutionary dissatisfaction with labor conditions in England. On the one side, the employers claim that the laborers utterly disregard the obligation of contracts. On the other, the laborers contend that the "piece-work" system is unjust and that the days when merit could be recognized and rewarded by advancement are past. Again, it is claimed that the employers are oppressive, in that they refuse work to those who cannot produce a discharge note from their previous employers. One view of the case is presented in the *Literary Digest*, from which we quote:

> "Never were there so many place-hunters in the unions as now. It is by these men at pit-head and factory-gate that sectional trouble is embittered. Socialists are at the throats of Socialists for their billets. Every man in authority has a score or more of would-be leaders condemning him. Still, out of all this ferment and intrigue trade unionism will in the end win clear. It must stand firm and strong as an industrial organization, and in return for their industrial loyalty restore to its members their individual

and political freedom which the Socialists are seeking to exploit.

"Labor representation, too, has come to stay, but it must be made by free men instead of by delegates pledged to a Socialist caucus."

The other side is tersely stated in the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

"When the trade union official went into Socialist politics, he did not fully realize that he was sawing through the plank on which he is officially seated. In preaching down all restraints and proclaiming the title of the workers to say, do, and take just what they like, he did not anticipate that the counsel might be applied just as easily against himself as against the hated capitalist. The Socialist crusade has reduced the trade unions to mere mobs, devoid ,apparently of either conscience or reason, and has broken like a wand the long and laboriously forged implement of "collective bargaining." There can be no transactions with organizations which can bind nobody and ensure nothing, and whose decisions can be nullified by any casual impulse or calculating wrecker. The Socialists have effectually broken the power of Trade Unionism, and how the fragments are to be pieced together again is a question which it will require some leisure to dispose of."

IN FRANCE novel propositions are being made for the encouragement of the increase of population. "Only those should have their names advertised in connection with a public function who have at least three living children." The French, it seems, are exceedingly fond of figuring in public functions, national celebrations, and processions. They like to see their names on committees of management, and they eagerly attend receptions of public character. It is believed that by restricting these privileges to married people who have at least three children, a very decided increase of population will be brought about.

Another suggestion on the same line is that the government pay annually the sum of $100 for the maintenance of the youngest living child in a family of three, and $100 for every child born in addition to three.

It is highly probable that the racial reasons for race suicide are too deep to be reached by remedies like these.

The Candle

Ralph M. Thomson

Life is a candle, of uncertain light,
Which Birth ignites and sets upon the sill
Of Time, to be a beacon in the night
To some lone pilgrim struggling up the hill.

A gentle ray that glimmers through the glen;
A beckoning beam that tempts the soul to shout;
A little flickering of the flame, and, then—
Death's sightless winds have snuffed the taper out!

SOME HEROIC AND STRENUOUS RIDES WITH JEB STUART

COL. G. N. SAUSSY

CHAPTER VI.

Chancellorsville

IN the last chapter, mention was made that details of Chancellorsville would not be attempted, but the unique and peculiar conditions, and splendid heroism of the elastic Army of Northern Virginia, as well as the conspicuous part performed by Jeb Stuart, calls for a separate chapter.

While Chancellorsville was mainly a battle of infantry and artillery, the preceding chapter showed how Stuart's troopers nullified the well laid plans of Hooker to utilize his splendid corps de armie of horse in his excellently planned campaign.

When General Joseph Hooker was assigned to the command of the Potomac Army, he found matters in a deplorable condition. He was one of the general officers Burnside had summarily dismissed for what he deemed insubordination or conspiracy, together with Generals Brooks, Cochrane and Newton. Burnside must have some officers responsible for the shattering defeat at Fredericksburg, so he made the above officers "the goats."

But Mr. Lincoln and his War Secretary, Stanton, did not hold these officers so culpable as to sustain Burnside's order of dismissal; but, instead, "*relieved*" Burnside and, in his position, placed the chief offender, or principal conspirator, General Joseph Hooker.

"Fighting Joe," as the soldiers of his old division had named him, as above stated, found the army in a deplorable condition; 2,922 officers and 81,964 non-commissioned officers and enlisted men were *absent without leave*. Certainly this was a most discouraging situation. To correct this evil of desertion, General Hooker began a judicious system of furloughing the men, and worked strenuously to restore the elan of his army. How well his labors were rewarded may be summed up in the condition when ready to assume active operation in the field. His field reports, or returns, for 30th April, 1863, showed "133,708 present for duty, equipped" (his words here quoted) and 375 field pieces.

"Fighting Joe" was well aware the two splendid divisions commanded by Hood and Pickett, under command of their corps commander, "*Old Pete*," with its complement of artillery, was detached from Lee's army and in service near Suffolk, in Southeastern Virginia. Hampton's, Jones' and Robertson's brigades of cavalry were also detached, and the Army of Northern Virginia mustered for the firing line 53,303 present for duty, of all arms.

The student of tactics or the science of war, should well observe the disparity of forces. This was but one factor; 80,405 excess of troops was an appalling consideration. A prodigal government had so thoroughly equipped and appointed this army, that we can excuse General Hooker's egotism in announcing it was "the finest army on the planet!"

As said in the preceding chapter, his plan of campaign had the groundwork of merit. He sent General John Sedgwick with the First, Third and Sixth corps, 52,401 strong, to his extreme left, to crossed the Rappahannock, with orders to attack the Confederate position

before Fredericksburg, while Hooker, with the 81,307, would swing around Lee's left, envelope that wing, probing well beyond that flank and attack Lee in the rear.

With such a prepondering force, Hooker's plan had the groundwork of success. He had not, however, in his exultation recalled Bobby Burns's maxim, "The best laid plans of men and mice aft gang aglee"; nor had he evidently well considered the most effective quantity in the equation—the genius of Robert Edward Lee.

Without serious hindrance the left, under Sedgwick, and the right, under the immediate command of General Hooker, successfully crossed the Rappahannock—the former below, the latter well above Fredericksburg and fully thirteen miles apart.

The Federal commander was well aware of the excess of troops with the Potomac army, and accepting the Napoleonic maxim, "The Lord is on the side of the heaviest battalions", he gleefully believed he was about to secure the coveted prize that had tempted and had betrayed McDowell, McClellan, Pope, McClellan (again) and Burnside.

He could, in his mental vision, see Dame Fortune sitting in military glory upon the flag-staffs of his army. On the night of the 30th April the conditions were so satisfactory General Hooker became greatly elated. Believing his left wing, now reduced to 37,673 troops (by the Sixth Corps return to the main body) could successfully hold the bulk of Lee's army in its defensive position near Fredericksburg; and that his right, stiffened by the return of the Sixth Corps, could smash the left and crush Lee's rear, he issued congratulations to the Army of the Potomac in General Orders, telling it "The enemy must ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

While "there's nothing so certain as uncertainty," General Hooker could not, or would not, take such into his philosophy. He eliminated the last element of doubt when he dispatched his War Secretary, "The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac."

General Lee was more conservative, if less optimistic. He had grave doubts of the accuracy of General Hooker's title. He believed there was a military or legal cloud upon that title, so made disposition to defend another maxim, "Possession is nine points in the law." Accordingly, he left "Jube" Early, with 9,000 muskets, and the Rev. General Pendleton, with the reserve artillery, to hold the trenches around Fredericksburg. With the 44,000 other troops he left his defensive position and marched westward.

At United States and Bunk's fords he dropped Cadwins Wilcox with 6,000 to check any attempted irruptions upon his flank or rear from these approaches. Then, with the 38,000 remaining to him, he proceeded toward Chancellorsville.

The same day, 1st May, General Hooker also began his march, and directed his headquarters be established at 2 p. m. at Tabernacle Church, half way between Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg.

Great, therefore, was the Federal commander's surprise, as his army debouched from the dense woods covering Chancellorsville into the open country, to find the Army of Northern Virginia advancing in line of battle.

So unprepared was "Fighting Joe" for any offensive tactics on the part of Lee's army, he lost his mental equipoise. Fearing he could not place his troops in position fast enough and that he might be whipped in detail, he ordered a retreat to the lines he had held around Chancellorsville.

M. Quad, the authentic and descriptive writer, himself a soldier of the

Potomac army, thus describes the situation: "He had come out to attack Lee, but he suddenly assumed the defensive. He had forced Lee out of his entrenchments and then sought cover himself. He had the pick of the best battlegrounds in Virginia, and rejected all of them for the swamps and thickets of the dark wilderness."

The night of 1st May Stuart brought Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy to General Lee, who told him a circuit could be made around by the Wilderness Tavern, beyond Hooker's right flank. General Lee directed Stonewall Jackson to move early the next morning. Gorgeously the sun arose the morning of the 2nd of May, gilding the treetops with its golden splendor. Its rays fell upon the last meeting of Lee and Jackson. Here, by the roadside, as the Stonewall Corps filed past, its great commanders, Lee and Jackson, conversed for a few moments, the latter receiving his final instructions, 24,000 of the famous "foot cavalry" plunged into the darkness of that intricate wilderness. Their line of march passed so near Sickles' Federal corps, they were attacked and lost perhaps 500 men. But the stake was too great to permit such an interruption. When Hooker was advised of Jackson's movement, he interpreted it as that of a retreat. His mind was so imbued with the idea of success that he could believe nothing else than a retreat the purpose of Lee, therefore he assumed no precaution to guard his right and right rear.

Moving at the speed that made the Stonewall Corps famous, piloted by Dr. Lacey and Stuart's cavalry, Jackson by 3 o'clock was well upon the flank of Howard's famous "Flying Dutchmen."

Right here Fitz Lee's words are very apt: About 3 p. m. Jackson's van reached the Plank Road, three miles west of Chancellorsville. The commander of the cavalry accompanying him had made a personal reconnoisance while waiting for Jackson to come up, and had marked the exact locality of the Federal right. When Jackson arrived, at his request, he accompanied him through a concealed wooded road to a hill overlooking the rear of the Federal right. Below, and but a few hundred yards distant, ran their line of battle, with abatis in front and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Cannon in position were visible, and the soldiers were in groups, chatting, smoking and playing cards, while others were driving up, slaughtering and butchering beeves.

"Stonewall's face bore an expression of intense interest during the five minutes he was on the hill. His eyes had a brilliant glow. The paint of battle was coloring his cheek, and he was radiant to find no preparation had been made to guard against a flank attack.

"He made no reply to the officer with him; his lips were, however, moving, for, sitting on his horse in sight of and close to Howard's troops, he was engaged in an appeal to the God of Battles.

"Suddenly wheeling his horse he said to a courier, 'Tell General Rodes to move across the Plank Road and halt when he gets to the Old Turnpike. I will join him there,' and he rode rapidly back."

To guard against any detection of this movement the cavalry, supported by Paxton's infantry brigade, was placed a short distance down the Plank Road. Jackson's column reached the Old Turnpike at 4 p. m. At this hour so completely ignorant was General Hooker of this act of supreme audacity by Lee and Jackson he dispatched Sedgwick way over on his extreme left: "We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains. Two of Sickles' divisions are among them."

As soon as Stonewall discovered the true situation, he dispatched General Lee:

"Near 3 p. m., May 2d, 1863.

"General:—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust an ever-kind Providence will bless us with great success.

"Respectfully, T. J. Jackson.
"Lieutenant General."

"The leading division is up and the next two appear to be well closed.

"General R. E. Lee. T. J. J."

At 6 p. m. his troops were in position. Rodes in front, Trimble's division, under Colston, only two yards in rear, and A. P. Hill, in column, in supporting distance, Jackson launched that thunderbolt of war, the Stonewall Corps, upon Howard's unprepared line. The Federal general had reinforced his extreme left with two regiments and two guns under Von Gilson. These Jackson first struck and Von Gilson called lustily for help. Howard told him to "Hold his post with his men, and trust to God." But there appeared nothing to stimulate the needed faith. Steinwehr's, Schurz's, Schimmelfenning's and Kryzancerski's Germans soon caught the panic. The seething, surging sea swept away all obstacles. Sickles, who had advanced to attack Jackson's marching column, came near being cut off from Hooker's line when Jackson smashed Howard's corps.

"Riderless horses and men without arms were everywhere, and guns, caisons, forges, battery wagons, ambulances, tumbled like runaway wagons in a thronged city. Mules tied in couples (a device of Hooker's to transport ammunition) added unearthly brays to the uproar and scattered the ammunition. One pair of them got entangled around a tree, were struck by a shell that exploded their load and blew them to pieces. Into all Jackson's ranks blazed a ceaseless fire. Lee's brilliant tactics had succeeded, and Hooker's right had been fairly turned and rolled in a sheet of flame upon his center," further writes Fitz Lee.

The reader will now turn to the fraction of the Army of Northern Virginia, some 14,000 strong, commanded by the great Virginian in person. This force Lee strung along Hooker's extended front and by noisy demonstrations forced Hooker to the defensive behind his works of logs and earth—protected by heavy abatis. Here, Hooker momentarily expected assault, and so intently did Lee hold "Fighting Joe's" attention he kept him self-centered upon his front, while Old Stonewall was smashing Hooker's right.

Now we go back to the initial attack —Fredericksburg. Here Old Jube had his own division, 7,500, and Barksdale's brigade, of Anderson's division, 1,500—9,000 muskets and Anderson's twelve and Graham's four guns and a Whitworth gun, with portions of Walton's, Cabell's and Cutts' battalions-under General Pendleton—in all forty-five or fifty guns. Sedgwick still held 29,342 men on Early's front, and, in accordance with orders, began an assault upon the Confederate works.

His loss was quite severe, and sending a flag of truce asked permission to remove his wounded from before Early's works, the truce officers discovered the paucity of Early's forces and reported the facts to Sedgwick. Knowing his own superiority of force, Sedgewick with strong determination renewed the assault and drove Early from his works, capturing eight pieces of his artillery.

Encouraged with his successes Jackson pressed the fleeing blue divisions until dark forced him to halt and reform his troops. In their zeal and ardor, the two lines of Rodes and Colston became merged and confused, and to readjust matters it became necessary to halt and reform. A. P. Hill was now ordered to take the advance, and Rodes and Colston directed to reform their commands.

Jackson had given orders for his men to fire on any troops approaching from the direction of the enemy. In his great anxiety to arrange details against the morrow's attack, Jackson, who had ordered Hill to advance as soon as possible, preceded him, with Captains Winborn and Boswell of his staff with some of his escort, and in the darkness drew the enemy's fire. In falling back to avoid that fire, his own men mistook the General and his escort for Federal cavalry and fired upon them, killing Captain Boswell and Sergeant Cunlif. Jackson and the others of his party then crossed the road and were again fired upon by the right company of Pender's North Carolina brigade. Three balls found the body of the great Stonewall. Reeling, he would have fallen from his saddle, had not Captain Winborn caught and assisted him to the ground. Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's able chief of artillery, was seriously wounded about the same time, and the same ambulance bore these two distinguished officers to the rear to a field hospital.

A. P. Hill was soon at his side. Jackson's last order after being so severely wounded was to General Pender: "You must hold your ground, sir!" Shortly after Jackson's fall A. P. Hill, the next in rank, was himself disabled. Jackson's corps must complete its work; but who was to lead it? Rodes, as modest as he was brave; but in a conference with Jackson's chief-of-staff quickly agreed upon the cavalry commander to lead the Stonewall Corps. And now Jeb Stuart came into the limelight of that great tragedy. With a part of his cavalry and the Sixteenth North Carolina infantry he was at Ely's Ford looking after the Federal cavalry and General Averill. At 10:30 p. m. Captain Adam's of Hill's staff summoned him to the command of Jackson's troops.

The situation was critical. Stuart had been in the rear, not, therefore, cognizant of Jackson's plans, and on assuming command found it impossible to communicate with General Lee, therefore requested suggestions from General Jackson. "Tell General Stuart to act upon his own judgment and do what he thinks best; I have implicit confidence in him," replied the great Stonewall. Another embarrassment to the new commander of the Stonewall Corps was he had the assistance only of Major A. S. Pendleton, of Jackson's staff. Not one of Jackson's subordinates had received any intimation from General Jackson of his proposed plans. The reader, therefore, can form but a faint conception of the burden thus imposed upon the bronze-bearded Cavalier. Indefatigably Stuart labored all night to get his troops in position, so that with the first light he could renew the attack.

Sickles, who had gotten upon the road by which Jackson was seeking Hooker's flank, met with some success and captured some prisoners, and had made such disposition of his two divisions as to prepare for an advance, when the crash of Jackson's guns roused him to his own danger. Jackson's crushing Howard threatened to cut Sickles off, and forced that officer to abandon his advanced position. In order to gain time, Sickles requested General Pleasanton to check the enemy.

Napoleon at the Pass of Somersierra threw his Polish lancers into the jaws of the Pass and sacrificed them, but broke the Spanish lines. So at Hazel Grove Pleasanton threw Major Keenan and the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry upon the head of the Confederate column, thus checking the advance until Pleasanton could place his batteries in position, but the attack was very costly to the Eighth.

Stuart directed Colonel E. P. Alexander, now in command of Jackson's artillery, to make a careful reconnoisance of the field, and post his batteries against the advent of the new

day. Alexander's survey of the field convinced Stuart Hazel Grove was the key to the field; and to this part of the field Stuart gave much of his personal attention. Dawn of 3d of May found the battle line almost ready for the assault, and the battle opened with great fury. In the center the infantry fire was at close range and very deadly. Major H. B. McClellan, Stuart's able Adjutant General, tells the story most interestingly:

"On the Confederate left there was greater activity. Charges were made and ground was gained, lost and retaken. The deciding contest was all this time raging on the Confederate right, where Pendleton and McGowan, of Hill's division, parts of Rodes' and Anderson's brigades, of D. H. Hill's division, and Colston's, Jones' and Paxton's brigades united in the attack upon Hazel Grove where the Federal infantry and artillery were posted in force.

"The contest here was of the most desperate nature, but the ridge was at last carried and its great importance was apparent at a glance. Nearly the whole Federal line about Chancellorsville was enfiladed from this ridge, and a position was gained which commanded the Federal artillery about the Chancellorsville House. Stuart immediately ordered thirty pieces of artillery to occupy the ridge, and aided by their fire the whole line was advanced. A desperate struggle now ensued for the possession of the Chancellorsville clearing. Two unsuccessful charges were made upon the Federal entrenchments."

Stuart, mounted, rode close behind his battle line, now told his men they *must* go over those works and, his ringing voice pealing the comic ballad, "Old Joe Hooker won't you come out the wilderness," sent his troops in the third charge over the enemy's works. Touching Anderson's left, the converging lines pressed the great blue mass and swept it from the field.

Stuart's personal bearing lent the charm of its magnetism to the infantry and created great enthusiasm in their ranks. General E. P. Alexander in a letter to Major McClellan wrote:

"Stuart rode with the first battery we brought out of the woods, and I well remember his enthusiasm and delight in recognizing the Chancellorsville House from the Plank Road where it debouches on the edge of the woods. Altogether, I do not think there was a more brilliant thing done in the war than Stuart's extricating that command from the extremely critical position in which he found it. He knew Hooker had at least 80,000 infantry at hand, and our own ranks had been thinned down to less than 20,000. But Stuart never hesitated or doubted for one moment but that he could crash his way whenever he chose to strike. I have always thought it an injustice to Stuart that he was not from that moment continued in command of Jackson's corps. *He had won the right to it.*"

It is not necessary here to extend details of the results that followed. Lee had to withdraw part of the troops attacking Hooker to meet the new peril coming under Sedgewick upon his rear. These, with Wilcox and Early, after some delay assailed Sedgewick and drove him across the river.

Then massing for one more determined effort, a terriffic thunderstorm enveloped either army in its fierce convulsion of nature and delayed the attack upon Hooker's line until morning. Under the friendly cover of that fierce thunderstorm General Hooker withdrew his army to the other side of the Rappahannock.

Here it is well to add a criticism by M. Quad, whose splendid descriptive stories of battles have been read wherever the English language is spoken: "Hooker must have lost his head. With both wings driven, his center crushed, and that grand army driven back to a new line in the woods, he dispatched Sedgewick to hurry up and '*complete*'

Lee's destruction. Lee had not lost one man to his eight. Lee had driven him over a mile, and Stuart had driven part of his line two miles, and yet he said in the same dispatch, 'I have driven the enemy.'

"This, then, was the situation, and a stranger one was never heard of in war. Beginning at the river, there were Early and Barksdale holding Fredericksburg. Out on the Plank Road was Sedgewick. Beyond him Lee. Beyond Lee was Hooker. Beyond Hooker were Jackson's men under Stuart. Again, beyond these was Stoneman out on a futile raid with ten thousand cavalry. Who, before or since, ever saw foe and friend so strangely sandwiched?"

Back with his beaten army in its cantonment at Falmouth, General "Fighting Joe" Hooker on the 6th of May issued the following *congratulatory* (?) general order:

"The Major-General commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence and its fidelity to the principles it represents. In fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause and our country. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, it will give a decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own fame.

"The events of the last week may well cause the heart of every officer and soldier of the army to swell with pride! We have added new laurels to our renown."

Gentle reader, compare the above with the vain-glorious edicts issued on the eve of battle: "The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac," and his army "the finest on the Planet!" Fighting Joe must have been the Mark Twain of the Federal army.

But back to Stuart: He discovered Dr. Lacey, whose knowledge of the country unlocked the daring strategy of Lee and made possible Jackson's audacious flank march. Then Stuart took command of the Stonewall Corps when confusion held it in its grasp.

He forged order out of chaos and led that terrible foot cavalry in its fierce assaults until the Star-Crossed Banner waved over the Federal works and made possible the fruits of what Jackson began, exacting from Hooker 16,845 men, thirteen pieces of artillery, seventeen battle flags and twenty thousand stands of small arms, while Lee's army—the assaulting troops—suffered a total of 10,281 officers and men.

Sum up the evidence, as the lawyer will say, and the jury of public opinion will not leave the box to make up its verdict: An army of 53,303 gray veterans assuming the aggressive, and after three days' of fierce conflict compels its adversary, with "*133,708 present, for duty equipped*," to beat a hasty retreat, under cover of a terrific storm, to its camps beyond the Rappahannock. Two words express the logic of that marvelous battle, *rankest audacity*. Find its parallel in the annals of history! It just cannot be produced. Chancellorsville halos Lee and his elastic army with imperishable fame. But it was most costly. On the 10th of May Jackson succumbed to pneumonia, and Lee's right arm had fallen.

In delirium as he neared the Lethe of this world, with the fire of battle in his eye, he exclaimed: "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry rapidly to the front. Order Major

Hawks—." A Federal writer says, "Then the expression of his face changed to one of ineffable sweetness and the tone of his voice lost its fierceness as he concluded, 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.'"

Here we intone, with Virgil, "*Arma virumque cano*," and *the Man* in this case is Jeb Stuart. We can also add:

No epitaph more noble, more sublime,
Hath e'er been writ in all the tides of time,
Nor can be since it doth all fulness fill
These—death's undying words, "Tell A. P. Hill."

Hill was already Fame's, but Jackson's death
Confirmed her verdict with his latest breath,
And Lee's last words as his great heart grew still
Were Fame's and Jackson's own—"Tell A. P. Hill

"Prepare for action." Ah, the action's done,
These three have met in fields beynd the sun,
But Fame endures and shall endure until
Her trumpets cease to sound "Tell A. P. Hill."

Then Gabriel, God's adjutant on high,
Whose bugle blast shall wake both earth and sky
And all creation to its utmost thrill—
Shall once again repeat "Tell A. P. Hill."

Drawn specially for WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Taft [solus]: "Is he always to be in the background?"

SOME REMINISENCES FROM MEN ON THE FIRING LINE

[All the tales of the Civil War have not been written nor told.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE proposes to publish each month short narratives from those who actually took part in the "War of the '60's." In fighting their battles over, the old Veterans will be surprised first, then gratified at the eager interest with which their tales are read.

We hope our old Confederate Veterans will send in their recollections; their war-time anecdotes, the history of the foraging tours, their brief romances, and all the data which went to make up the lives of "the Boys in Gray" in '61-'65.—THE EDITOR.]

An Amusing Incident of Malvern Hill

I WANT to tell a few incidents connected with my army life. I was second sergeant of Co. B, of the 15th Alabama regiment, and followed the unconquerable Stonewall Jackson through all his Valley campaign to the time of his being wounded after the battles around Richmond. At the battle of Malvern Hill there was an Irishman by the name of John Little, whom, as a joke, we called Little John. We were lying down supporting one of our batteries, and John was lying by me, on my left, when one of those large mortar shells dropped close by him and exploded, blowing out a hole in the sand large enough to hide one man. Little John, who was greatly excited at the proximity of the explosion, looked at me and said, "Sergeant, is it through?" I replied, "Yes; the danger is over." "Then," says he, "I will take advantage of this hole and protect meself from the minnie balls." And I thought it a wise conclusion and wished I had a hole as large to crawl in. There were many amusing incidents that transpired during our war experience that I can relate. I admire your journals.

Goldthwaite, Tex. J. D. CALAWAY.

A Close Call in the Rifle Pit

After I came home from Virginia, December, 1862, I re-enlisted in Capt. F. T. Cullen's company at Fort Gaines, Clay county, Ga., to serve in Florida under Gen. Howell Cobb. This company, after we got in service in Florida, was recruited to two companies. R. A. Turnipseed was elected captain of the second company, to which I afterwards belonged. After four months' service in Florida we were transferred to Savannah and attached to the 22d Georgia battalion. We saw service at Thunderbolt, Fort Bartow and on the Ogeechee river (Rose Dew Island), twelve miles out from Savannah. We could see Fort McAlister, five miles across the marsh, from Rose Dew, and we plainly witnessed from Rose Dew the capture of Fort McAllister by Sherman's troops. One company of the 22d Georgia battalion was in this fort and, of course, made prisoners—the evacuation of Savannah is a part of history. Our battalion, with the 1st Georgia regulars, served as rear guard at the exit of our little army. As to the Georgia militia and some of the Georgia reserves (as the boy troops were called), the old soldiers had much amusement guying the militia and Georgia reserves—the militia were called Joe Brown pets, and such remarks as "Lie down, melish, I am gwine to pop a cap." "I know you from your quilts and Confederate canteens." This would bring on curse words and much halloing and laughter. In 1864 the Confederate Government, on account of there being so much counterfeit C. S. money, made new money, or what was called the new issue, and all old money had to be ex-

changed for this new issue—and these boy troops (the Georgia Reserves) were named by the old soldiers *The New Issue*—and very properly named; they made good soldiers. One regiment fought in the battle of Chickasawhatchee Swamp. I had a very dear young friend and schoolmate that belonged to this regiment who was killed in that engagement.

I will skip over to Charleston, where my command finally reached and stationed on James Island, and tell you of my close call (which I never saw in history). To start with, my cousin, J. C. Wells, was 1st lieutenant of my company and was serving as adjutant, and myself as sergeant-major under him on the 10th of February, 1865. On this particular morning, about daybreak, the enemy's gunboats began to shell our picket post (rifle pits) on Stono river, some three miles from our main camp. An order came for reinforcements for these pits, and from our company an order for one officer and twenty-one men. My cousin, Lieutenant Wells, asked permission to go as the officer, which was granted—then I asked him to let me one of the twenty-one, which was granted. (Mind you, I could have kept out of this.) We were hurried off to the pits, arriving there about one hour by sun in the morning. And the shells from those gunboats, with one mortar gun, kept up a continuous fire until about noon, when they landed, formed a line of battle and advanced on us. We drove them back, but we saw them rallying their forces in greater numbers. A Frenchman was in command of these rifle pits (a Major Manigault, pronounced Man-i-go). He was a brave officer. In vain he signaled to Gen. Hardee for reinforcements, which were promised and said to be coming. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon here comes the enemy in three lines of battle—two front lines were negroes. Our pits, some ten steps apart, with eight to twelve men in each pit, could not stand against these numbers. We gave them a volley which staggered them—then it was pop-pop-pop, and on they came, and there we stood until they were right on us. Their cry in this charge was "Fort Pillow—no quarters" (previously Gen. Forrest had captured Fort Pillow in Tennessee and he did not show the negro troops in that fort much respect), hence these troops were retaliating. Out of the twenty-one men in my company we lost Lieutenant Wells, shot down and captured; four killed outright, ten wounded and captured, and seven of us escaped uninjured. I happened to be one of the fortunate seven (pretty close, wasn't it?). I thought several times I would remain in the pit as to undertake to escape seemed certain death, as it was at close quarters, no trees for protection, it was miraculous that any got away. But the cry of "Fort Pillow—no quarters," decided me that my chance for life was to try to get away, and I got a move on me that was never there before or has been since. My cousin, Lieutenant Wells, told me after the war that he was first wounded in the arm. The negro troops crowded around him, saying, "Shoot the d—m rebel officer—Fort Pillow—kill him," and one negro soldier chugged his gun at him and shot him through the shoulder. About this time the white officers got to him and stopped them. Major Manigault was also badly wounded and captured. More anon.

Bridgeboro, Ga. O. J. Cottle.

When Rations Were Short

Just forty-seven years, September 20, 1862, I was a private in company K, 46th Georgia regiment, Wake's division; in a white frost, I was marching to the battle of Chickamauga. We met the wounded and a lot of prisoners and saw the dead on the side of the road. We got near the enemy and got in line and stacked our arms. It was about 12 o'clock, but we had nothing to eat all

day; I soon had a fire and dough on my ramrod to cook. A major of the 8th Georgia battalion came from the front and said, "Boys, we are going to catch it." Fell in line, marched, did not go far until we lay down. We would go forwards and retreat; they kept moving. Gen. Wake was right in our rear on his gray mare. A captain came from the front on a horse in a gallop and cursing, said, "The Yankees got my battery." He said charge them and take it away from them. The word was to march and double-quick. We yelled and ran them and never lost a man. Killed one Yankee and Zeno Garret got five dollars out of his pocket. One of our men running from the front, with his hands up, said, "I am a friend, don't shoot. Yankee had me and and some of you shot him down, and I got away."

Maxdale, Tex. E. H. Hammack.

A Vivid Description of a Hard Fought Battle

Sergt. A. I. V. Stephens.

Dear Commander:—As we both live in this place and belonged to the same company, I thought I would give you a line or so in regard to the battle of Spotsylvania Court House, Va. As I was one of your sharpshooters and carried the last dispatch that you ever sent to Gen. Thomas' Georgia brigade. Our duty was to watch the the right wing of Grant's army. You stated in your dispatch that just about daybreak the battle would begin, which it did in dead earnest. Johnson's division was formed on our left in the shape of a horseshoe and was captured just about sunrise. Our division, led by Gen. John B. Gordon and Gen. Thomas, was hurried to the scene to straighten and reestablish our lines. Men fell thick and fast. As I jumped over the breastworks my feet struck a Yankee general in the face; he was wounded, lying flat on his back in the ditch. "My God," the general said, "are you going to kill me?" He was trod to death. After we did this we returned to our original position in front of the courthouse. Next morning Gen. John B. Gordon came and made us a speech, telling us the Yankees would soon charge us seven lines deep. He said he was a Georgian and we were, too, and it was no telling what Georgians could do. He told us to wait until we could see the white of their eyes. We waited until they were in about fifty steps of our line, and we could not control our cannoneers any longer. There went a flash of fire from the mouths of fifty cannon and twenty thousand small arms, and fully four times that many on the Yankee side; the dead and wounded lay in heaps. That night the Yankees built a fort in front of the court-house and shot one shell only through the court-house, and we charged it and took it. I think you and I were the first to enter the fort. Gen. Lee's headquarters was in the courthouse. So here is a bird's eye view of one of the hardest fought battles of the Civil War between the States..

Scott, Ga. J. E. Meadows.

Here's One Who Wished He Was A "Gal Baby"

Here's another yarn from one of the old boys who "fit, bled and were mortally scared" from 1861 to 1865 fifty-two weeks each year and about seven days each week. We were in that trouble from start to finish, but through the providence of the Great I Am, and by scientific dodging and running fast and crooked we never caught but one bullet, but many is the time we would have given odds to have been a gal baby. On the 25th day of March, 1865, when the city of Petersburg, Va., was taken by Gen. Grant, we were captured and given free transportation, with 2,000 other men about my age, size and complexion, to Point Lookout, Maryland. We were searched and all of our valuables taken, labelled and stored.

My personal property was a 15-cent pocket knife. That would have been the time price on it, guess 10 cents would have been a fair cash price; any way, they took it and they have it yet, so far as I know. Our pen was of a capacity of about 30,000. On March 30th it was crowded to the railing. Many amusing incidents occurred we could write up, but will only give one. It was a great treat for the boys to get out of the bull-pen and go down to the wharf to unload commissary stores, medicine, coffins and other stuff that came in by shiploads daily. About thirty men were taken out daily for that purpose, and the first thirty that got to the gate in the morning after roll-call would get out unless one allowed some big fellow to crowd him back. I had a partner from Louisiana by the name of Forbes, and we got out one day. We thought we saw a fine opening to get some rations if we could fix up and get out the next day. I was a 200-pounder, Forbes was a 135-pounder; about as fat as a flagpole. When his pants were made to fit the legs would have made good cases for the house tongs. Well, I put on two shirts and an old beaver hat. Forbes borrowed a pair of pants three sizes too large, and we marched up to the gate the second morning and got out. Just before we got to the wharf our gang of thirty were marched single file between two posts so they could count us. That day we unloaded a big vessel loaded with Irish potatoes, flour, crackers, codfish, dried herring mackerel, Boston beans and a lot of dressed mutton. We had to haul the goods on wheelbarrows about 125 yards from the boat to the warehouse and stack them up. An 18-year-old negro soldier, as black as the hinges of Hades, was on guard in the warehouse. I gave him taffy all day when we would go in with a load, and by 3 o'clock I had him loving me like a sick kitten loves a hot brick. Knowing we would be taken to the barracks at 4 o'clock I told him to kinder not be particular about looking at Forbes and me for a while. He said all right. Forbes tied strings about his ankles and put twenty-five pounds of flour down his pant legs. Those were swelled legs. I filled my beaver with Irish potatoes and the space between my two shirts with dried herring and crackers. Time was called, and we were started back to the bull-pen. When we arrived at the post I marched through in soldier style, my old beaver hardly staying on my head. Forbes marched through, but they halted him. They saw his legs and body were a misfit. The guard cut the strings from his ankles and told him to march. He left two flour trails and a streak of sulphur from the ports to the barracks.

J. P. Sossaman,
56th Regiment, N. C. V.

HOW I BECAME A WAR CORRESPONDENT

MIKHALL DMITRYEVITCH SKOBELEFF

BEFORE passing to the subject of this paper I must premise that it was originally written under the irresistible force of an editorial injunction. I would not have it thought that I am other than proud of the profession in which I have spent the best years of my life; but, on the other hand, I was anxious to guard against the imputation of seeking to thrust under public notice personal details in relation to my own career. I was so received that my solicitude on this score is dispelled; and so I do not scruple to reprint it.

I became a war-correspondent because I had previously been a cavalry soldier, and it was a war-correspondent who made me become a cavalry soldier. My earliest bias towards the profession of arms came to me from listening to a lecture on the Crimean war which William Howard Russell delivered in the Music Hall of Edinburgh in the winter of '57. I had read his war-letters piecemeal, but his letters forced me to buy his book, and the description of the cavalry work at Balaclava I read in its pages kindled in me a great ardor for the mounted arm. This remained but a theory until follies and extravagance abruptly terminated my university career, when it had a practical outcome in my accepting "the Queen's shilling" from a fine old recruiting-sergeant belonging to the Royal Dragoons. It was not long before I realized that cavalry regiments do not hurl themselves in wild career against hostile ranks with so great frequency as to impart to the pastime any character of monotony. I was disillusioned, yet the glamour did not wholly fade—no, nor is it dead yet, although I have no hope ever again to hear the trumpets sound the "charge," and see the war-horse pawing in the valley. I suppose I had a natural affinity for soldiering; anyhow I took to its drudgery with as much zeal as if I had never learned to conjugate Greek irregular verbs or make bad Latin verse. Five-and-twenty years ago there were few gentlemen in the ranks even of our cavalry regiments, and of the few who were, fewer still had their heart in their work. When the little remittance came to me from home, most of it went in standing beer to old troopers, who, as they drank, could talk with spirit and force of the old "active service" days—how "Joey Yorke" still bade his men close in knee to knee and ride straight, after the bullet had smashed his knee; how "Duck Wilson," the sergeant-major, had ridden down the Russian colonel, and given him "point one" before he had time to go to ground; how young "Jack Noakes," whom I met the other day a retired major in New Zealand, having had his horse shot under him, serenely killed a Russian cavalryman and so remounted himself. The oldsters drank my beer, and I supposed laughed at me as they wiped their mustaches on their shirt-sleeves; but, although I had no thought save for the present pleasure of listening to their tales, told as they were in the quaint forcible idiom of the barrack-room, it was I who was the gainer. I was saturating myself with practical soldierhood, while the grizzled veterans were swilling my beer. Then when the troop horses were bedded down for the night, and my comrades sallied out "into the town" to keep tryst with maid-servants, or to swell the chorus in some beer-house taproom, there were for me, till the watch-

setting trumpet sounded, three happy hours in the regimental library over the pages of Napier, or in tougher wrestle with the war-problems of Jomini.

Then there dawned in me the desire to write something descriptive of the manner of life we soldiers were living. I remember as if it were but yesterday, under what conditions I wrote my first article. It was at a table in the barrack-room, amidst din and turmoil. Fellows were singing as they pipe-clayed belts or burnished sword-scabbards. I was interrupted by the necessity to clear the table away to make room for a fight. The first page of my manuscript was smeared with chrome yellow that dropped from the stripes of a pair of overalls hanging overhead. When I returned to England after the Russo-Turkish war, some partial friends who were so good as to admire some exertions of mine in that campaign did me the honor to entertain me at a banquet in Willis' Rooms. It was a coincidence passing strange that, as I rose with a heart overfull for eloquence, even were that gift at my command, to strive to stammer a few words in acknowledgment of the magnificent eulogium which George Sala had allowed himself to pronounce, my eye should have fallen on two men sitting by each other, Frederick Greenwood and Justin M'Carthy, of whom the former, in his capacity as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, had accepted the first contribution I ever dared send to a periodical, the latter had made a "Starlight Reading" of the first paper I submitted to a daily journal. I have often wondered whether Mr. Greenwood regarded the chrome-yellow drops as a species of voucher for the authenticity of the barrack-room origin of the article he accepted with words of encouragement that I can never cease gratefully to remember.

But ill-health cut short my soldiering days, and I had to lay down the sword for the pen. The pen has kept me and mine ever since, yet indirectly the sword has furnished the greater share of our rations. In the early days I lived a good deal on military sketches contributed to the "Starlight" column of the paper which Mr. M'Carthy then conducted. Later I staked my small fortunes on a now long-forgotten journal which tried to prosper under the title of the *London Scotsman.* This paper was my own in every sense. I was the proprietor and the sole contributor. Week after week it saw the light—my work from the first leader to the compiled "Births, deaths, and marriages" immediately preceding the advertisements, some of which, too, I had gathered in. Sketches, short stories, reviews, reports, each and all, such as they were, came from my pen. I wrote a novel in its pages to fill up space—a military novel, of course; a tale of the Indian Mutiny. I had not participated in the Mutiny campaign, nor had I ever been to India; but that was a matter of detail. Some readers may yet remember a stalwart medalled soldier, wearing too the Victoria Cross, who did duty as a private constable outside Moses and Sons' ready-made clothes-shop in Oxford street. This was "Hollowell of the deadly rifle," one of the nine heroes of "Dhoolie Square." Hollowell is long dead, and Moses no longer exposes his cheap goods in the windows of the commanding corner over against Mudie's. Hollowell had been a soldier of the gallant Ross-shire Buffs, who played so valiant a part in Havelock's advance on Cawnpore and first relief of Lucknow. One day I fell into talk with him, and found him a man with a singular memory for picturesque details, such as give local color and versimilitude to descriptions. Every week I leased two hours of Hollowell's time and talk, at a tariff of five shillings the interview; and as regularly incorporated what he told me into the week's instalment of my novel in the *London Scotsman.* I regarded it as in a sense a compliment when long afterwards the present Sir

Henry Havelock, as the result of a perusal of the story in book-form, expressed to me his firm conviction that I must be a deserter from the Ross-shire Buffs, since no man who had not actually made the campaign in that regiment could have given the story the local color which he was pleased to ascribe to it.

Anyhow it was the descriptions of battles in this poor hand-to-mouth story which has long sunk into deserved oblivion, that earned for me my first commission as a war-correspondent. In those days the late Mr. James Grant was the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. I have heard men laugh at Mr. Grant, but it would ill become me to have aught but kindly memories of one who was to me a good friend. He had come from our neighborhood, where in early life some of my people had been able to show him some favor, and this he remembered on my behalf. I never was on the staff of his journal, but he gave me a good deal of casual work, some of which was scarcely in my way, although I made a struggle to compass it without flagrant failure. The most trying commissions he gave me were to write notices of minor musical affairs, such as concerts. Now of music I know absolutely nothing—Nature had given me no ear, and I never was able to whistle a tune in my life. I fancy Mr. Grant knew little more about music than did his "critic," nor probably were his readers very censorious; so I was able to wriggle along somehow, earning my half-guineas until an unfortunate misconception on my part put an end to my work in the musical department of the *Advertiser*. I was sent to a music establishment in Bond Street to write about a gentleman who performed on a new instrument which he called a "pedal-pianoforte." He played not less with his feet than with his hands, and his physical exertions were at once arduous and grotesque. It seemed to me that it was of his dexterous agility of which he desired to make exhibition, and I wrote of him more in the character of an acrobat than of a musician, without the faintest idea that I was not doing him the fullest justice. My praises of his phenomenal activity were duly printed, and, judging by the tone of his remonstrance, Nature had not bountifully endowed him with the emotion of gratitude. So strenuous were his expressions that they caused an arrestment of my musical commission.

On that day of July, '70, on which France declared war against Germany, Mr. Grant sent for me, and startled me with the abrupt question whether I should care to go abroad for the *Advertiser* as its war-correspondent, having been moved to ask this question, he said, because of the battle-pieces he had read in my story in the *London Scotsman*. Far off, as a child might sigh for the moon, this work had been the dream of my life, ever since I had come to realize that I could write matter that men would print, and that other men would read. It had been never more than a dream. I had a diffident half-belief that some work I had put out of hand was not perceptibly worse than work I saw in the dignity of large type in important journals. But I was so absolutely out of the running. In the journalistic swim of the day I had neither part nor lot. Of editors and managers of the daily papers I knew not even the names. And lo! the thing had come to me, unasked; the moon had dropped into my arms! I never realized that there were two sides to the question—that the *Advertiser* was scarcely a journal whose correspondence was likely to attract the notice of a wide circle of general readers; that my own little paper must suffer during my absence; that I might be flinging away a substance, such as it was, for a vague shadow; and that because of the hostages I had given to fortune it behooved me not to be rash. No, I grasped Grant's hand in a rapture of gratitude; I stipulated for no re-

muneration save that he should pay a modest specified subsidy for the maintenance of those I was leaving behind; I took £10 for outfit, and £20 in my pocket as campaigning expediture; bought a knapsack and a note-book, and started by the mail-train (second-class) the same night. A friend had taken charge for me of the *London Scotsman.*

Luck, in a way, was on the side of the enthusiastic novice. Mr. Grant seemed to have little more conversance with the theatre of war than that it would be somewhere in continental Europe, and he left it to me to make choice whether I would see what was to be seen with the Germans or with the French. Since leaving the army, I had made some study of the military organizations of the great European powers; I had read Colonel Stoffel's warning letters; and I felt the conviction that even if the French were in condition to essay their old accustomed role of the first offensive, German method, system, and copiousness of available resource would ultimately bring victory to the Teutonic banners. How purposeful were the German military people, how smoothly and efficiently worked Moltke's vast machine, was demonstrated so powerfully in Henry Hozier's *Seven Weeks' War*, that I wondered even then, as I have wondered in a growing ratio ever since, how so many clear-headed Britons should have been so implicit believers in the French supremacy. I, for my part, needed no moment for consideration before I decided to choose the German side of the great cockpit, and with little less deliberation I selected the point for which to make, with intent to see the earliest fighting. I left behind me when I quitted England the address of "Poste Restante Saarbruck." In regard to the all-important question of "legitimation," the German term for permission to accompany armies in the field, I was in utter and happy ignorance. My assumption was that I could get along somehow; and so, while the great ones of the profession in whose ranks I was the humblest of raw recruits were haunting the Berlin bureaux in quest of their credentials, I was already looking at the fighting. I was very lucky. I saw everything up to Gravelotte in virtue of an informal scrap of permission General von Goeben had given me as I passed through Coblentz on my way to the front. It was not until the day after Gravelotte, when the German hearts were mellowed by victory, that I got the "Great Headquarters Pass," signed by Podbielski, the quartermaster-general of King Wilheim's staff, which was so potent a voucher wherever exhibited. Nor for this puissant document had I to beg and intrigue and use influence. I had no influence to use. I simply called, the evening after Gravelotte, at the bureau in Gorze of the general staff. There I found a friendly sergeant, to whom I explained what I desired to have, and with whom I left the credentials I carried from my newspaper, and the scrap Von Goeben had given me. I was bidden to return in an hour. I did so, and the friendly sergeant handed me the Podbielski legitimation, with the stamp and seal on it of the Royal Headquarter, and the injunction to all and sundry to regard me as a fully accredited correspondent. The sergeant did my business for me; in connection with this affair I saw nobody save that genial spectacled non-commissioned officer.

We—I had found a stanch comrade in poor young Jacob de Liefde, who was representing the *Glasgow Herald*—had a strangely adventurous time of it between the frontier and the vicinity of Paris. Save for the occasional hire of a vehicle, we covered the ground on foot, knapsacks on backs. We were independent of quarters, for we bivouacked with the lightest hearts, and we carried our rations and did our cooking gypsy-fashion, under the lee of a sheltering hedge. We could scarcely be

called war-correspondents; rather we were journalistic tramps writing letters to our newspapers, which we posted in any field-post wagon we chanced on, with a vague hope that somehow or other they would reach their destination some day. We had no money for couriers back to the base with our despatches, no resources that would justify resort to telegraphic communication, no affiliation to any headquarter through which our letters could be expedited. In the fullest sense of the term we were "unattached." It was an adventurous, racy, picturesque life; but it was not war-correspondence in the more modern sense of that term. Later, it came with me to be a grievance—a matter of chagrin—that I should see anything notable the account of which English newspaper readers should not have before them within three days at latest. The feeling grew up in me, so centred did I become in my work, that I would rather not see such an occurrence at all than see it and not be able to justify my existence in relation to it by getting the description of it home *ventre a terre*. But this unquiet sense of responsibility had not got its grip on me, while as yet I promenaded Lorraine for the *Morning Advertiser*, with knapsack on back and a very small handful of napoleons in my pocket. It was not my affair that I had neither horses nor couriers. I have often thought since, had all the appliances been then at my command such as in later campaigns I originated, elaborated, and strained many a time to their utmost tension, how I might have made the world ring in those early, eager, feverish days of the first act of the Franco-German tragedy! For we two reckless adventurous pedestrians seemed somehow to drift into the very heart of everything that was most sensational of those sensational days. I believe we were the last in the Saarbruck Exercir Platz on the day of the "baptism of fire," before the red-trousered skirmishers swarmed on to its level expanse. We were in Saarbruck during the three days of the French occupation. Sometimes, in the advance, we were outside the German ground altogether, and drifting about in villages where no Uhlan had yet been. We drove through Chalons after the Germans had cleared out of it for the turning movement towards Sedan, and were gravely warned by the burghers against taking a road on which we were likely to meet the troopers from which they had been happily, although only temporarily, delivered. We were inside Sedan before its surrender was consummated. We saw Napoleon meet Bismarck on the Donchery road, and witnessed the subsequent interview between the two. We were with Von Tumpling's advance patrols all the way from Rheims to before Paris, and my first meeting with the diplomatist who is now Sir Edward Malet occurred almost within the fire-zone of the cannon of Fort Nogent, when the French escort who brought him out from the beautiful capital over which beleaguerment impended handed him over to a stolid corporal of Silesian Uhlans, whose file was patrolling the road between Torcy and Claye. But, alas, it might have been in another world that all this good fortune of opportuneness had befallen me, for all that it made for any prestige to me in the character of a war-correspondent. There had been one chance, indeed, to emerge from the rut of obscurity, but of that chance loyalty and honor forbade me to take avail. After Sedan I met Sutherland Edwards, who was acting for the *Times* as William Russell's colleague. I had told Edwards something of the singular luck in being in the heart of the throes of momentous events which had come to us in the adventurous haphazard life we were leading; and he had spoken of our conversation to Russell, who, always full of single-hearted zeal for the interests of the great journal whose pages his genius

has so often irradiated, made me the offer to recruit me into the cohort of which he was the captain. It was with a pang the poignancy of which wrung me sorely that I was forced gratefully to tell him that not even for such promotion could I desert the colors under which I had taken service, futile in the way of making a name for myself as I had come to realize that service to be.

It was on the same day we had met Malet at the fireposts that there somehow came to me a letter which Mr. Grant had written to me. The casual field-post wagons had not carried my correspondence either with speed or certainty. Probably he had expected greater things than the means he had accorded to his representative had enabled that representative to accomplish. I had written with a copiousness and alacrity such as I have never since excelled, but letters had miscarried, and others had tarried cruelly long by the way. Anyhow, his letter was a recall, the specific reason assigned being that since the Prussian troops had now advanced on Paris, and a siege of that capital being imminent, his correspondent inside Paris would now suffice to keep him informed of the progress of events. The German environment, as might have been foreseen, did not long delay to cut off from him the channel of supply on which the worthy editor professed to rely. It was a curious irony of fortune that, when I penetrated into Paris immediately after the capitulation, one of the first Englishmen I found there, eating horse-flesh and scanty bread that was half sand, was the correspondent whose existence formed the pretext for my supersession, eager to gather some scraps of intelligence concerning that outer world from which he had been so long isolated. Mortified by the tone of Mr. Grant's letter, my heart sank. The moon that had fallen into my arms I had found mere dust and ashes. My essay in the profession after which my soul had longed was an ignoble failure. The iron of disappointment and shame ate into my soul as I ruefully owned that I had tried to soar too high; and that my proper sphere was petty paper-staining for the *London Scotsman* and such-like kindred grovelling.

I would not linger in the arena of my discomfiture. I happened to make the acquaintance of a German King's Messenger, who the same night was leaving Meaux with despatches for the German embassy in London. He was to travel with all speed, and he kindly accepted me as his companion. The journey was through Rheims, Sedan, Bouillon, and so to the railway at Libramont. On the third day from that afternoon when in the dim heat-haze I saw afar off the glitter of the gilded dome of the Luxembourg, I stood forlorn and disconsolate in Fleet Street. Barely six weeks had elapsed since I had trodden that pavement buoyant with high hope, in a quiet delirium of joy that I had at length got my career; and now that pavement was again under the feet of a man overwhelmed with shame, crushed by the sombre consciousness of having proved unequal to the career which fortune, conscious of his inaptitude, had mocked him with, humiliated now in the inverse ratio of his former confidence in his own powers. One drop was yet wanting to the bitter cup. It seemed my duty to offer Mr. Grant a final letter on the military situation I had so recently turned my back on. That letter he coldly and curtly declined. I was thought so unworthily of that a letter from my pen was summarily declined, notwithstanding that it would have been gratuitous, and would have contained details of the utmost moment, for which, as a matter of fact, the world was anxiously waiting!

I think this cut me deeper than any previous stroke of malign fate. But as I walked and smoked there befell me a recoil from utter prostration. My war-correspondent delusion was dead; but was that collapse to reduce me to drivelling idiocy? Had I not left still, then,

some faculty of perception? Did I not stand here, in these somewhat dilapidated boots, the sole man in all this vast expectant London outside the German embassy, to whom belonged the knowledge of the disposition of the German troops engaged in weaving round Paris that environment of blood and iron? I was a failure, but all the same, before I went back into the mill-horse round of drudgery, was not this knowledge marketable? Then why not try to find the market for it, and go back to the grind with at least a few guineas in the pocket?

I took my resolution. I went into a shop, bought a blank visiting-card, wrote on it my name with the legend underneath—"Left German front before Paris three days ago, possessed of exclusive information as to dispositions for beleaguerment." Then I put out my pipe, tramped down Tudor Street, struck across for Printing House Square, entered the *Times* office, and asked to see the editor. The doorkeeper smiled—it was not yet noon; and informed me that the editor was not to be seen. In reply to my question whether there was any one acting for him whom I could see, he offered to take my card and bring back a reply. He was gone a few minutes, and the reply he brought back was to the effect that if I cared to write anything on the subject indicated in the memorandum on my card, the proper course was to forward the article in the ordinary way, when the editor would have an opportunity of judging of its eligibility.

I left the *Times* office divided between two opinions. Was that journal omniscient, and so in a position to be indifferent to any information offered it, no matter how valuable on the face of things that information was; or was its wooden, stolid, grandiose manner so rigid in the phlegmatic routine of it that a relaxation was a matter of simple physical impossibility? I could not solve this problem; but this I was ruefully firm upon, that the off-chance of having a paper accepted on the given condition was not worth the trouble of writing it. Perhaps I was wrong in coming to this conclusion, but my soreness made shipwreck of my temper. I shook the dust of the *Times* office from off my feet, and wandered out again into Fleet Street. One more opportunity I resolved to give Fortune, if she had a mind not wholly to flout me. There were three other daily papers—the *Daily News*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Standard*. I would not importune each of these in succession, but to one of the three I should make an application for the acceptance of this information of mine; if that application were unsuccessful I should resign myself and go and put together the births, deaths, and marriages for the weariful *London Scotsman*.

But which of the three papers was I to try? They were all strange alike to me, except that once the *Daily News* had paid me ninepence for a paragraph nine lines long—a fact which scarcely constituted a claim to introduce myself to its further notice. As I stood in front of the tobacconist's shop at the corner of Fleet Street which Ludgate Circus has swept away, I fell on the device of deciding by the toss of a copper to which of the three penny papers I should adddress myself. The *Daily News* won the toss, if this be the right phrase to use. To Bouverie Street I accordingly hied myself. It occurred to me on the way that I had heard the name of Robinson somehow, in connection with the management of that paper. It was a vague impression, thus little was I conversant with daily journalism; but it grew on me so that when I reached the office I asked for "Mr. Robinson." Had I been told there was no such person I think I should have gone away.

A memo, with my name, and the same legend as I had sent in to the *Times*, went up to Mr. Robinson, and presently I followed the memo. I said my say very succinctly, and probably a trifle

cavlierly, for I had not great store of temper left. A quiet-mannered man with a high forehead looked steadily at me through his spectacles as I spoke, and then said, "Yes, that sounds very interesting and valuable. Will you oblige me by writing three columns on the subject, and will you consider five guineas a column adequate remuneration? If so, please let the copy be sent in as rapidly as possible." They were kind and considerate words, that at once restored me to my sense of manhood, and yet went some way towards unmanning me, so strained by humiliations was my nervous system. I expressed my content, and it was arranged that a boy should be sent round hourly for copy to the chambers which I occupied in the adjacent Tudor Street.

In those days I had the gift, of which mental and physical strain have deprived me, of writing like a whirlwind, and I always found that the faster I wrote the better I wrote. As I painted, the picture broadened on the canvass. I caught the details with alert ardor; I had that glow and sense of power that come to a man with the consciousness that he is doing good work. In three hours' time, or thereabouts—it had not seemed ten minutes to me—I had written my allotted three columns, but the canvass allowed me would not hold half my picture. I did not like to spoil it by cramping it up. But then, again, I was chary of exceeding the bounds assigned to me, lest it should seem I was greedy after more than the stipulated guineas. I determined I would go round and see this considerate Mr. Robinson, tell him how the case stood, and offer, rather than spoil my picture, to finish it in a fourth gratuitous column if he would have the charity to spare me the space.

Mr. Robinson had gone. Was, then, the editor there? The editor was absent holiday-making, but I could see the acting editor. The acting editor was reading a proof. I thought him a trifle gruff for the moment, but long since I have grown to know how little of gruffness there is in the sweet and genial nature of Edward Pigott. I explained my dilemma to him—briefly, because he gave me the idea of being impatient.

"Is this your stuff?" he trenchantly asked, laying his finger on the slip of proof before him.

I glanced at it and said it was my stuff.

"Well, then," said he, "we'll take as much of this kind of stuff as you care to write!" And this remark terminated the interview. Laconic as was his utterance, it went straight to my heart; I did not care that he should be a syllable more diffuse. I went to my chambers and reeled off three more columns with a lighter heart than I had known since before Mr. Grant's letter came to me at Meaux. This done, I returned to the office to read the proofs.

Pigott was there, and not so busy as he had been in the afternoon. He expressed a wish for further contributions, and that these might be talked over at leisure, he gave me an invitation to breakfast with him next morning. I walked on air up to South Bank, for I had read my six columns, and not only did I think them good work, but I realized that they meant thirty guineas—far and away the best day's work I had ever done.

It was arranged between Pigott and me that my next contribution should concern itself with the narrative of what I knew about that lurid episode of the battle of Sedan that occurred in the village of Bazeilles. Other topics had been adumbrated, and I rejoiced to think that I had found a crutch to supplement the somewhat feeble and precarious staff of the *London Scotsman*. I looked in at the office to bespeak the same arrangement in regard to sending round for copy as had been in force the previous day. I was shown up to Mr. Robinson.

"You've come for your check, I suppose," said he, as it seemed to me a little shortly.

"No," I explained. "I have arranged with the acting editor to furnish some further contributions, and by his directions I have called to ask you to have a boy call round for copy in the same way as yesterday."

"I think not," said Robinson, with what struck me as an intentionally aggravating drawl. "I don't think we will trouble you to write these contributions you speak of. I will explain the matter to Mr. Pigott."

I don't quite know what I did say; I know that I lost my temper vehemently, and I believe I used strong language. I think I said something about having believed in editorial omnipotence, and my inability to understand this business of one man blowing hot and another blowing cold. Anyhow, I was not going to stand being made a fool of in this offhand easy style; and I'd take good care I didn't darken the doors of the *Daily News* any more. And with that, the *perfervidium ingenium* of my northern nationality being all ablaze, I removed myelf abruptly from the presence, and swore my way downstairs into the street.

"Here, come back!" Robinson had shouted after me. "I want to speak to you!"

I fear that if he had acted on the strict letter of the brief retort I threw over my shoulder he would have had no occasion to give any subsequent orders to his coal-merchant.

I was striding up Bouverie Street, fiercely fuming behind my beard, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and simultaneously I heard a voice—"Don't be a fool! I was going to say that I want you to start for Metz tonight!"

I turned and stared at Robinson—for it was he who had spoken—in the blankest amazement. Then he had meant no insult after all, but something, indeed, of quite a contrary tenor. And here was a real chance come at last, then, with all the prestige of a great paper—whose war-correspondence was already the talk of the town—at the back of the offer; all the scope for making a name, if indeed the power to do anything in this direction did abide within me. It was a wonderful chance; but again, what a risk! With my recent experiences should I dare to take that risk? The struggle of conflicting emotions made me dizzy.

I will not weary the reader with the recital of the arguments that seemed to forbid me to accept Mr. Robinson's offer. It is possible that had I declined it I might have been a happier man today, for I have been a widower now for some thirteen years. I might have been a haler man than I am today at forty-five, my nerve gone, and my physical energy but a memory. Yet the recompense! To have lived ten lives in as many short years; to have held once and again in the hollow of the hand the exclusive power to thrill the nations; to have looked into the very heart of the turning-points of empires and of dynasties! What joy equal to the thrilling sense of personal force, as obstacle after obstacle fell behind conquered when one galloped from the battle-field, fraught with tidings which peoples awaited hungeringly or tremblingly? If the *gaudia certaminis* have an enthralling fascination for the soldier, scarcely less does the war-correspondent share in the fierce rapture of the fray: and there may be for him joys and triumphs such as cannot light up the career of a soldier.

I requested Robinson to give me the day to decide, and to make arrangements should the decision accord with his wishes. At 7 p. m. I kept tryst at the rendezvous he had named, equipped for the journey. He gave me his good wishes and a roll of notes. I left England by the mail-steamer the same evening, and in two more days had my share of the straw in a Prussian "field-watch" on the east side of Metz. It was then that in reality my career as a war-correspondent began.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Unanswered"

Author Unknown

Why is it, the tenderest feet must tread the roghest road?
Why is it, the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?
While the feet that are the surest and firmest have the smoothest paths to go,
And the back that is the straightest and strongest has never a burden to know.

Why is it, the brightest eyes are the ones soon dimmed with tears?
Why is it, the lightest heart must ache and ache for years?
While the eyes that are the hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is meanest and smallest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it, that those wha are saddest have always the gayest laugh?
Why is it, that those who need not have always the biggest half?
While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.

Why is it, the noblest thoughts are the ones never expressed?
Why is it, the grandest deeds are the ones never confessed?
While thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,
And the deeds worth little praise are the ones published well.

Why is it, the sweetest smile has for its sister—a sigh?
Why is it, the strongest love is the love we always pass by?
While the smile that is cold and indifferent is the one for which we pray,
And the love we kneel to worship is only common clay.

Why is it, the friends we trust are the ones who always betray?
Why is it, the lips we wish to kiss are the lips so far away?
While close by our side—if we knew it—is a friend who loyal would be,
And the lips we might have kissed are the lips we never see.

Why is it, the things we can have are the things we always refuse?
Why is it, none of us live the lives—if we could—we'd choose?
While the things that we can all have are the things we always hate,
And life seems never complete—no matter how long we wait.

NEW SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES

AN "OVERALL" FACTORY

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

IN the series of articles begun under the head of "New Southern Industries," there were two issues which the writer hoped to make plain; the growing number of Southern manufacturing concerns which are entering into active and direct competition with long established Northern factories, and the utter absence of sweat-shop features, which add so horribly to the "labor problem" of the North.

Real estate is soaring in value in every Southern city, yet every factory which has been visited follows the lines of simple architecture laid down by the first—ample floor space, plenty of light, and ideal ventilation.

In the matter of equipment, a glance at any of the industries covered so far will show each plant equipped with modern machinery of the latest pattern, with every labor saving device, and operated by the ideal power—electricity.

Few articles of men's wear are more popular than the utilitarian "overall"—and which is the badge and uniform of the working man whose trade brings him in contact with the grime and oil of the things-worth-while.

From an economical standpoint, this uniform has probably saved more money for the man working at a trade than any other economical invention.

The name of the garment conveys its scope: it is "over all" the clothing likely to come in contact with grime, and is made in several grades of heavy cotton cloth.

For many years two Northern concerns supplied the country with the overalls, and when the Southern firm began operations it was against heavy odds. As was shown in the previous Southern industries covered, the Southern factories use, so far as possible, the products of other Southern concerns, and their success means the stimulation of many other trade channels. The overall factory in Atlanta uses cotton goods of several grades, and all are products of Southern cotton mills. The denims, whip-cords and khaki are in several grades, most of them are from Southern mills.

The factory under discussion is almost in the heart of Atlanta; the building is a three-story and basement, modern structure, planned with the view of providing perfect ventilation and light.

The first process of garment making is, as every woman (and some men) knows, the tracing of the pattern; to the woman who does the family sewing, this is a simple matter of adjusting a tissue paper pattern with the aid of pins, on a flat surface, and cutting with a pair of scissors.

They improve on this in the factory. A case of goods is opened and inspected; it is then carried to the cutting room and delivered to the cutter; he is provided with flat patterns of heavy leather-like bristol board, pliant but tough. He has been instructed as to the size and number of the garments he is to cut, and he selects the patterns, lays them out and then superintends the placing of the cloth. Young boys have taken the bolts and unrolled them on long tables, weighting the ends as they are placed. When from fifty to one hundred thicknesses of cloth have been so placed, the cutter lays his patterns; every line and mark is sketched off with powdered chalk, and then the actual cutting begins. A machine about twelve

inches high, looking more like the upper part of a sewing machine, minus the wheel, and provided with a long wooden handle, is the cutter. Operated by electricity and provided with a long, sharp blade of the finest steel, this, in the hands of a skilled cutter, eats through the tremendous layer of cloth with more ease than a pair of the sharpest scissors.

As the cutter hums through the cloth you can see the garment almost taking shape. Legs, pockets, flaps and belts are bitten out faster than one can tell it.

When the long table shows piles and piles of accurately cut parts where a long unbroken line of cloth had been but a minute before, one's interest becomes keen.

From the cutting room, the parts are taken to the sewing room; here the division of labor is most complete, and the system is perfect. About two hundred women and girls were at work in this room, and the hum of the electrically operated sewing machines was constant.

A "sorter" arranged the pieces in bundles for delivery to the sewers; one woman stitches the fronts and backs together; another faces the fronts of the jackets and trousers; another faces the pockets or supplies the "patent pocket," which this firm makes a specialty of; a boy brads buttons on from a machine which resembles a coffee grinder with a sewing machine attachment. Two hoppers feed buttons from one side, and little round brads from another, and a vicious looking clamp caught both and bradded them safely in their alloted places in the cloth. A machine for making button-holes was a marvel of invention; it operated with incredible swiftness, and was provided with a knife which bit the button-hole in the cloth, and with two needles which "worked" them. Eyelet holes were made in the same manner, and the number which each operator was able to turn out was appalling.

One of the most interesting machines was that on which "inside" pockets were made. Heavy drilling was the material, and when delivered to the operator resembled nothing but bags; under her skillful management, the cloth was fed to a machine, also provided with two needles and a knife; as the pocket took shape, the knife cut the surplus cloth, and the rough edge was "double-overcast," and the pocket when finished was a marvel of smooth finish and strength.

Another operator did nothing but sew up the leg seams of the overalls and trousers; her machine was equipped with what looked like two little funnels into which she fed the ends of her seams; there never seemed to be the deviation of a dozen threads in the seam's length when it came through finished.

From the sewing machines to the tables of the Argus-eyed inspectors was the next step. Here all crooked buttonholes, illy matched edges, crooked seams, broken stitches or pockets not properly applied were "caught" and the garment sent back to be rectified.

A number of women clipped threads and added finishing touches where they were needed.

The pressers had their innings next, and the garments were ready for packing and shipping.

The work rooms were ideal; clean, lofty, light, and splendidly ventilated.

The dressing rooms for the women operators were provided with lockers and lavatorys with running water. A recreation room, with a piano and ample space for dancing, was an appreciated adjunct.

The operators are all members of a union, all are paid the union scale of wages, and all were healthy, happy, some handsome, and all Southerners.

When the hour for closing had come, it was hard to imagine any of the operators as having a "grievance."

Here, as in the other factories, there was an utter absence of squalor.

The percentage of the purely Ameri-

THE WORK-ROOM IS IDEALLY LIGHTED AND VENTILATED

can men and women is most noticable in these Southern factories. This is, of course, due to the lack of immigrants, but it is a delightful feature to note.

Between employers and employees there seems to be a feeling of perfect friendliness; simple rules are posted, relating entirely to smoking and the disposal of lunch remnants.

The output of this plant includes, besides the "overalls" (coat and trousers), a line of cheap trousers of washable materials, and a recently added line of boys' trousers. These products are supplied the jobber and go practically to every part of the United States.

To compare them with any of like products from Northern factories speaks volumes for the Southern industry, so well made and durable are they.

That the South is spreading her commercial territory is too well known, but it is interesting to note the variety and scope of her commercial output.

A Wireless

Maud Hamlett Perkins

Out from the purple veil of night,
Through gates of dust and dew,
A message goes, in ardent flight,
Unto the heart of you.

As the homing-bird it swiftly flies,
O'er starlit paths of space;
As an arrow speeds, it as surely hies,
To the mystic trysting place.

No clouds, no winds, deter its way,
No depths, no heights above,
Detain the wireless sent to you,
From the eager heart of Love.

THE STORY OF SOME GREAT SENATORS

OLIVER DYER

THE second session of the Thirtieth Congress began on Monday, December 4th, 1848. I was there as a reporter, in the Senate, for the *National Intelligencer*, which was then a widely circulated and influential newspaper.

The condition of political affairs and the state of public feeling at the beginning of the Congressional session in 1848, excited a good deal of apprehension in the minds of leading statesmen. The Mexican war had but recently closed, and we had acquired a vast stretch of territory, including Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and California. These Territories were to come into the Union as States; and the question of questions in that day was whether they should come in as slave States or as free States; in other words, whether slavery should be confined within the limits it then occupied or be extended into new territory.

It is impossible to bring the rancorous bitterness which that question then excited within the comprehension of people who were not living and old enough to understand the general course of events at that period.

It was the fixed policy of the South to keep the free States from outnumbering the slave States. By this means, although in a minority in the House of Representatives, they would maintain an equality in the Senate, and thus be enabled to check legislation hostile to slavery. In pursuance of this policy, Florida and Iowa had recently been admitted into the Union at the same time (December, 1846), by the provisions of a bill coupling them together. The abolition wits of the day remarked that things had come to such a pass that a white baby could not now be born into the Union unless a black one was born at the same time. Colonel Benton commenting on the contemporaneous admission of the two States in his solemn, sarcastic way, pretending that he was unable to see why two States, one of which was the oldest and the other the newest territory; one in the extreme northwest of the Union, the other in the extreme southeast; one the land of evergreens and perpetual flowers, the other the climate of long and rigorous winter, and with nothing whatever either in interest or history, or in fact or in sentiment to unite them, should be cradled in one bill and brought into the Union together.

As there was no more territory out of which slave States could probably be made, the war with Mexico was forced for the purpose of acquiring territory into which slavery could be extended. The territory had been acquired; and now (1848) here it was, and the contention was whether it should be handed over to slavery or secured to freedom.

In 1846, while the war with Mexico was raging, a bill was introduced into the House of Representatives appropriating two million dollars to defray the expenses of negotiating a peace. The amount of the appropriation was subsequently increased a million dollars, and the measure became known as the three-million bill. While this bill was pending in the House of Representatives, David Wilmot, a Democratic Representative from Pennsylvania, moved to amend it by adding a provision that slavery should not be introduced into any of the territory that should be acquired from Mexico.

That little amendment at once became famous as the Wilmot Proviso. It occasioned a prodigious excitement in Congress, which rapidly spread throughout the country. It greatly embittered and exasperated the South, as well it might, for it struck at the very life of slavery, inasmuch as to limit slavery was to strangle it. Besides, the adoption of such a proviso would defeat the main purpose for which the war with Mexico had been begun and was being carried on. Hence, this fundamental proviso was the reddest rag that could have been waved in the face of the Southern bull, and that brave, belligerent creature responded to the tantalizing provocation with characteristic alacrity and resolution.

After an impassioned and prolonged debate, the proviso was carried in the House of Representatives (1846), but it was defeated in the Senate. The next year (1847) it was defeated in both houses of Congress, after a desperate struggle. But although it was killed in Congress, it survived in the country. It was acrimoniously discussed and wrangled over in nearly every newspaper, in every school district, at every political meeting and every fireside. In fact, it may be said that the contest provoked by it was not ended until Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomatox Court House, on April 9th, 1865, nineteen years after David Wilmot offered his little amendment to the three-million bill, in the House of Representatives.

The Wilmot Proviso came up in the national conventions of 1848. In May of that year, the Democratic Convention, at Baltimore, which nominated General Cass for the Presidency, trampled on the Proviso (which was introduced by Preston King, of New York), and thereby offended many of the Northern, Eastern and Western delegates. In the Whig Convention, which met at Philadelphia, in June, a strong effort was made by the anti-slavery section of the party to nominate Henry Clay, who was in favor of the Proviso, although he was a Southerner and a slaveholder. But the friends of Clay were defeated. How and why they were defeated they did not know, and it is probable that the majority of them never knew. I was the official reporter of the Convention, knew several of the delegates intimately, and was frequently in the committee rooms when the wires were in process of adjustment. A number of the delegates who were drawn into the movement against Clay had rooms at the Butler House, where I was then boarding, and we had repeated talks about the game that was going on. Hence the secret of Clay's defeat, and the means by which it was accomplished, became well known to me.

I vividly remember the astonishment with which I heard the supposed friends of Henry Clay talk about setting him aside because *they* had nothing to gain from his election. "His political affiliations have long been fixed," was the common remark; "he is surrounded by friends of a lifetime, and we young men have nothing to hope from him." I was young, knew but little of politicians, and was so unfamiliar with their ways that I supposed men were nominated for the Presidency and elected to the Presidency on purely patriotic principles, and that the only motive by which public men were actuated was a good, old-fashioned love of country.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that when I emerged from the seething turmoil and trickery of the Convention, my views of public men and their motives had undergone a change. I then for the first time realized the truth of what I had been taught by the Greek historian, that under the instigation of selfishness and the contentions of rivalry, men identify what is advantageous with what is honorable, and what is expedient with what is just, and

while simulating sentiments of friendship, maintain an attitude of perfidious antagonism; that the love of power, originating in avarice and ambition, and the party spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest, render the tie of party stronger than the tie of patriotism or of religion; the seal of good faith being not love of country, or the divine law, but fellowship in schemes of spoliation and self-aggrandisement.

II. The Movement that Led to the Defeat of Henry Clay.

The movement which led to Clay's defeat was manipulated by four men, namely: William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed, of New York; Thomas Butler King, of Georgia; and Truman Smith, of Connecticut. There were many others in the game, but those four men did most of the subterranean work; Thurlow Weed being both engineer and conductor of the underground political railroad. The motives which inspired Mr. Weed grew out of the political situation which, from a Whig statesman's point of view, was exceedingly critical.

It is well known that the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war were brought about by the Democrats, under Southern lead, to strengthen their party by the extension of slavery, and ensure to it a perpetuity of political power. But, singularly enough, the result of the Mexican war had unexpectedly helped to rehabilitate the demoralized Whig party, because both of the great, victorious generals, Scott and Taylor, were Whigs. Both of these generals were talked of as candidates for the Presidency, and both were popular with the people.

Taylor was universally popular as a hero, and a movement in favor of his nomination to the Presidency was started among the people several months before the meeting of the Whig National Convention. This movement did not seem to be favored by the politicians. The Whig party had become largely anti-slavery in the North, and General Taylor was a slaveholder from the far South—from Louisiana, one of the bitterest of the slave States. The situation was so critical, and there was so slight a margin of success, that a majority of the party leaders felt that they could not afford to take any risk whatever. Therefore the betting was in favor of Henry Clay's getting the nomination, until the Democrats nominated General Cass. Then William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed saw their opportunity, if fortune would only favor them.

In order to understand the situation and comprehend why Seward and Weed saw their opportunity in the nomination of General Cass by the Democrats, it must be borne in mind that the Democratic party of the North, as well as the Whig party of that section, had become leavened with anti-slavery sentiments. It must also be remembered that there was a bitter feud in the State of New York between the two sections of the Democratic party—the Barnburners and the Old Hunkers. The Barnburners were largely anti-slavery; the Old Hunkers were bitterly pro-slavery. Seward and Weed foresaw that in any event there would be a third party in the field in 1848, composed of out and out abolitionists and pronounced "Free-soilers," as the opponents of the extension of slavery into new territory were called. John P. Hale, the Free-soil Senator from New Hampshire, had already been suggested as the Presidential candidate of this third party—had, in fact, been nominated the year before (1847) by a convention held at Cleveland, Ohio.

Seward and Weed knew there was great danger that, if the third-party movement were left to shape itself and come into the field with John P. Hale as its leader, enough Whigs would be drawn off by it in New England, New

York, Pennsylvania and Ohio to give the election to the Democrats. They remembered that only four years before, the Liberty Party defection in New York, whose vote was cast mainly by anti-slavery Whigs, had given the Empire State to Polk and made him President of the United States. It was as clear as day to the two sagacious Whig leaders that the only chance for the Whigs to win the Presidential election of 1848 was to give this inevitable third-party movement a Democratic lead, and a Democratic leader, so as, if possible, to draw off as many Democrats as Whigs from the regular tickets. If that could be done, then New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio would be almost certain to give Whig majorities and render the election of the Whig candidate sure. And now the nomination of General Cass by the Democrats promised to give Seward and Weed their opportunity to turn the third-party movement into a vast Democratic rebellion and bolt.

General Cass was a dull, phlegmatic, lymphatic, lazy man. He had an unusually large brain, but it was so torpid that nothing but a powerful appeal to his selfishness or his vanity could arouse it into action; and when it was aroused its activity was spasmodic and could not be counted upon for sustained energy. There was not a bit of chivalry in Cass's character, nor an atom of magnetism in his nature. Such a man, of course, could not fail to be destitute of the elements of leadership, and to be incapable of inspiring that personal popularity which counts for so much in great political contests.

The Democrats nominated Cass as a forlorn hope, and under an irresistible pressure of circumstances. All through the Mexican war they had sought to develop a Democratic hero whose popularity could vie with that of the victorious Whig generals. But their efforts had been in vain; no Democratic hero was evoked; and the party at last fell back in mingled despair and hope on General Cass, who enjoyed a nebulous sort of military fame that hung dimly on the fast receding horizon of the war of 1812.

Cass's lack of personal popularity was not the only weight he had to carry. Although he did not possess qualities which win enthusiastic friends, he had those which sometimes make bitter enemies. Unfortunately for him, in 1844, he confederated with Martin Van Buren's enemies to prevent "New York's favorite son," as Van Buren was called, from getting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Van Buren and his friends looked upon Cass's conduct as unpardonably treacherous, and naturally wished to resent it in an effectual manner.

Van Buren's strength was greatest in the States pervaded by the anti-slavery disaffection. The Barnburners of New York were his partisans almost to a man, and his son John (Prince John) was their pet orator. If by any means Martin Van Buren could be induced to accept the leadership of the third party, the defeat of Cass and the election of the Whig candidate would be assured. Thurlow Weed was all the more confident that this would be the result, because he had intimate knowledge of the envenomed exasperation which the friends of Silas Wright cherished against the supporters of General Cass. Silas Wright, one of the ablest men of his time, and one of the most popular men in the State of New York, had been a sort of political Siamese twin with Martin Van Buren, and it was believed by his friends that he had been politically assassinated by the Old Hunkers. His recent death—he died in August, 1847—added intensity to the hatred which his multitude of mourners felt for his alleged political assassins, and if Van Buren could be brought into the field, all this hatred could be turned against Cass.

But Seward and Weed knew if—

(and this was a most momentous if)—if Henry Clay should be the Whig candidate for the Presidency, that Van Buren would not come forward as the leader of the third party. Much as he wished for vengeance on Cass, he would not gratify his thirst for it by making Henry Clay, so long the enemy of General Jackson, President of the United States. It was their profound conviction of this fact, and their belief that by proper management Van Buren could be brought to the front, which induced Seward and Weed to enter with all their skill and strength into a plan for defeating Clay and nominating Taylor.

The disaffected Democrats had no ill-feeling towards General Taylor. They had hurrahed over his victories, and helped to celebrate his glory with as much enthusiasm as the Whigs had shown in the same cause. General Taylor had never crossed any politician's path, had never been a political partisan, had, in fact, never voted at a Presidential election. He and General Jackson had been friends; and so Jackson's bosom friend, Van Buren, felt kindly towards him, and would much rather see him than Cass in the Presidential chair. Seward and Weed did not shut their eyes to the fact that the nomination of General Taylor would alienate many anti-slavery Whigs; but they knew that if the coming anti-slavery bolt, which they saw to be inevitable, could be made mainly a Democratic bolt, the loss sustained by the desertion of Whigs would be more than counterbalanced by the accession of Democrats to the bolters, especially in the State of New York, by whose vote the election would probably be decided.

III. Thurlow Weed—The Secret of his Political Power.

General Cass was nominated at Baltimore, on Thursday, May 25th. The Whig convention was to assemble at Philadelphia an Wednesday, June 7th. So there was an intervening fortnight for Thurlow Weed and his co-adjutors to utilize the nomination of Cass for the purpose of securing the nomination of Taylor. And here it is expedient to say a few words about Thurlow Weed, in order that the secret of his political power may be understood.

Many of Weed's contemporaries believed him to be unscruplous; they all acknowledged his ability. He was a man of such untiring industry, and such invincible pertinacity, that no political trail could be long enough to tire him out, nor could his almost preternatural sagacity be thrown off the scent, however intricate the trail might be. And this man controlled the Albany *Evening Journal*, which was one of the most powerful newspapers then published in the State of New York.

It should be remembered that the events we are narrating occurred in 1848, before the New York city press had attained its vast circulation and predominant influence. At that time, the New York *Sun*, although it had the largest circulation of any daily paper in the city, was a comparatively uninfluential journal, chiefly devoted to advertisements. The *Herald* then had but a little over 10,000 circulation; the *Tribune* had less than 8,000; not one of the other daily papers had a circulation of 5,000, and the *Times* and the *World* were yet unborn. The Hudson river railroad was not then built; the New York and New Haven railroad was not then built; the Erie road was not yet built; many other railroads, now in connection with New York, had not then been projected. Hence, during all that portion of the year when the navigation of the Hudson River was closed by ice, New York was cut off from communication, except by stage, with the rest of the State.

Albany, from its central location, thus had a great advantage over New York in its communication with the

State at large, especially as there was a continuous line of railroads (since consolidated into the New York Central) running from the capital to Buffalo. And the Albany *Evening Journal* was an older paper than the *Sun*, the *Herald*, or the *Tribune*, it having been established in 1830, the *Sun* in 1833, the *Herald* in 1835, and the *Tribune* in 1841. Besides, the Albany *Evening Journal* was the State organ of the Whig party, and there was probably not a township in the State in which it hadn't a club of subscribers. From these facts it can readily be seen that the *Evening Journal* was a political power in those provincial days. And Thurlow Weed knew how to use this power to the greatest advantage.

Perhaps some of the readers of these pages may remember that column in the Albany *Evening Journal*, in which Weed used to make personal mention of his friends and his foes, in little paragraphs, varying from a line and a half to a dozen or fifteen lines in length. That column was a prodigious power in the politics of the State of New York. There was seldom a young man, in any part of the State, who gave promise of becoming a person of influence, that was not kindly and flatteringly mentioned in that column, no matter to what party he belonged. And does any one suppose that young men thus mentioned would not feel friendly to Thurlow Weed, and be ready to do him a personal favor?

Let us suppose that young Frog, of Frog Hollow, has been admitted to the bar, and begun to show talents for political leadership. He is a Democrat, and does not patronize the Albany *Evening Journal*, but takes its Democratic rival, the Albany *Argus*. Some morning his friends ask him if he has seen the last number of the Albany *Journal*. He sneeringly replies that he has not seen it; that he does not wish to see it; that he does not train with that crowd. His friends tell him that he had better see it, because it has something about himself in it. He calls on some Whig who takes the *Journal*, obtains a copy of the paper, and reads a paragraph somewhat like this:

"We learn from friends in Frog Hollow that there is a young man coming forward in that part of the State of whom his fellow-citizens have just reason to be proud. We refer to Augustus Frog, Esq., the rising young lawyer. We knew Mr. Frog's grandfather when he was a member of the Legislature more than twenty years ago, and we had such a high personal regard for him as to make us regret that he was on the wrong side in politics."

On reading this paragraph, Augustus Frog, Esq., the rising young lawyer, feels like playing a game of leap-frog. He borrows the *Journal* and rushes off with it to his sweetheart, to his parents, to his grandfather. The old grandfather's eyes sparkle as he reads the paragraph, and he says: "Yes, I knew Weed when I was in the Legislature, and a right good fellow he was; and smart, too, now I tell you. I hope you will go there some day, Augustus, and if you do, I'll give you a letter of introduction to Weed. He's the best man in Albany for a young fellow to know."

In a few days Augustus Frog is elected to the Assembly on the Democratic ticket. His grandfather gives him the letter of introduction to Weed, and on its presentation he is received with paternal kindness and made to feel as much at home as though he were in his grandfather's office. It is plain to be seen what the result of this will be. Mr. Weed's kindness, shown at a time when the young man feels the need of a friend, sinks into the depths of his heart and brings forth fruit abundantly.

When one multiplies this young Democratic Frog by scores and by hundreds, and adds all the Whig Frogs

that had been hopping through the Legislature for eighteen years, he can form some idea of the number of influential friends that Thurlow Weed had in every part of the State in both of the great political parties. And, of course, Weed had the sagacity to use the tremendous power which this widely extended circle of personal friends gave him, in the most adroit and inoffensive manner. By dropping a few remarks here and a few remarks there in conversation, or by correspondence, in which his real purpose was concealed, he could set the minds of either Whigs or Democrats running in the way he wanted them to go, without exciting the least suspicion that he had any ulterior design in what he said or wrote. Or, if he chose to come out frankly with persons whom he wished to enlist directly in his schemes, he seldom, if ever, addressed his appeals for help to inhospitable ears.

During the period which elapsed between the nomination of General Cass at Baltimore and the assembling of the Whig National Convention at Philadelphia, Weed was busily engaged in sympathizing with the enraged Barnburners, and without seeming to meddle in their party affairs he helped to inflame their animosity against Cass to an irrestrainable degree. Seward was also skillfully at work in the same missionary line.

IV. William H. Seward—How He and Weed Worked Together.

William H. Seward was one of the ablest and most sagacious men of his time. His inferior physique and his incapacity for oratory prevented the people from perceiving the true measure of his intellectual greatness. If he had had the personal presence and the voice and delivery of Calhoun, Clay or Webster, he would have rivalled them in oratorical power and impressed himself upon the minds and the imaginations of his countrymen as forcibly as they did. But owing to his physical deficiencies his great abilities were known only to those who learned them by studying his writings or from personal intercourse with him.

In matters of political management in the State of New York, Seward's sagacity was unerring and his judgment well nigh infallible. He knew all the influential men in the State; he also knew the local leaders, and cultivated their friendship. He was particularly gracious to young men, and easily won their affection and their confidence. He did not neglect men of influence, whatever their age; but he was more attentive to the young than to the old, fully realizing that the old are constantly passing off the stage, while the young are perpetually coming on.

Seward had a keen perception of the political advantage which could be gained by utilizing religious beliefs and prejudices; and by the adroit use of a felicitous phrase, embodying a pivotal and aggressive truth, and which could be used as a rhetorical battle cry, he could draw large bodies of religionists and reformers into sympathy with his schemes without letting it be known what his ulterior motives or projects were. In this subtle and far-reaching work Seward was unrivalled. He knew just when the fruit was ripe for his hand to pluck. No eagle ever poised over its prey with keener eye, or swooped upon its quarry with surer stroke. In these respects his sagacity and executive spontaniety approached the superhuman. It is doubtful if there ever was a man who had more aptitude than Seward possessed for saying just exactly the right thing in just exactly the right way at just exactly the right time and under just exactly the right circumstances.

Seward's social qualities were a source of strength to him. He was attached to his friends and stood by them, and they were attached to and stood by him in return. He was elo-

quent and masterful in conversation and in intimate and confidential correspondence, and could probably do more work in twenty-four hours and keep at his work more conscientiously than any other man of his day, except Horace Greeley. Such capacity for work as he had, when directed by such sagacity as he possesed, is apt to make its way against any degree of talent or genius which is unsupported by plodding industry and assiduous application.

Seward and Weed understood each other intimately, and worked together in perfect accord. What two such men could accomplish in a field which furnished them with lines of operation exactly fitted to their powers, and surrounded by circumstances in which they both delighted to put their powers forth, cannot be told; and it would be rash to limit their achievements by ordinary standards of measurement. In the political contest of 1848, they knew just exactly what they must accomplish in order to win, and they pursued their course with clear vision, fixed purpose and unfaltering steps. They subtly and successfully drew their lines through and around the disaffected political elements in the State, and especially in the City of New York. They had the hearty co-operation of several of the leading Barnburners, who were so determined to wreak vengeance on General Cass and the Old Hunkers that they gladly availed themselves of any means which promised to gratify their desires.

It was arranged to hold a public meeting of Barnburners, in the City Hall Park, to express their indignation at the manner in which their delegates had been treated at the Baltimore Convention. The day on which this meeting should be held was of great importance to Seward and Weed, and with the aid of their Barnburner friends that matter was easily arranged. The meeting was called for the afternoon of June 6th, the day before the Whig Convention was to assemble in Philadelphia. On the afternoon of that day there was a meeting at the Astor House of Whig delegates from New England, New York and the Western States. This meeting had been brought about in a seemingly accidental way by Weed. He had been in correspondence with such delegates as he thought it prudent to manipulate, and suggested to them individually that if they would stop over a day in New York, on their way to Philadelphia, "it would be advantageous to the interests of the party." Weed's correspondents told their colleagues that they were going to stop over a day in New York; the colleagues, of course, wanted to stop over with them; and the result was that the Astor House meeting was largely attended. But little was done at this meeting, its object being, as Weed said, "to have a friendly interchange of views, with an eye to promoting harmony in the convention and securing the ultimate success of the party." But for unsuspecting delegates to "interchange views" with Thurlow Weed, on such an occasion, was pretty sure to end in a change of views on the part of the unsuspecting delegates.

The chief object in having the delegates stop over in New York on that day, was that they might witness the Barnburner meeting in the afternoon. That meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic that had ever been held in the city. The names of the committee of Barnburner delegates to the Baltimore convention, who made the delegates' report to the meeting, will be read with interest. They were names which, in those days, were always received with hurrahs in Democratic meetings. They were Churchill C. Cambreling, John A. Kennedy, Robert H. Maclay, William F. Havemeyer and Samuel J. Tilden. The report of the committee was outspoken and inflammatory. It told the vast

multitude of exasperated Barnburners that their delegates to the Baltimore convention had been insulted and disfranchised, and it called upon the people to rebuke the perpetrators of such outrages. The report was adopted by acclamation, and with yells of approbation. Then David Dudley Field read an address which had been carefully prepared for the occasion. The address was entitled:

To the Democratic Republican Electors of the City and County of New York.

and its opening paragraphs were as follows:

"The freedom and equality of man are the foundations of republican government. The faction which strikes at them, strikes at the existence of our institutions. *It* must be overthrown, or *they* will perish.

"Such a faction exists among us at this moment. Its object is the extension and perpetuation of human servitude. It is bold, unscrupulous and active; it wields to a great extent the patronage of the Federal Government; it thus addresses itself to the fears of some and the cupidity of others; and it has by these means got possession of the nominating convention and proclaimed a candidate for the Presidency.

"To this faction we will never submit. We will never cease to resist it till it is effectually defeated."

From these opening sentences of the address, it can be imagined what the body of it was. It was profounly able, and adroitly played upon the self-love, the vanity and the indignation of the Barnburners. It was received with intense enthusiasm by the excited multitude that listened to it. The meeting had a prodigious effect in the city and throughout the State. It gave an impulse to the Barnburner movement which rendered a bolt against Cass inevitable. After the meeting adjourned, crowds of excited people lingered in the City Hall Park and thronged the neighboring hotels, saloons and restaurants, vehemently discussing the situation, and swearing vengeance against the Old Hunkers and General Cass. The delegates to the Whig Convention, which was to meet the next day, mingled with the crowds, took note of what was occurring, and were of course unspeakably anxious to turn all this Democratic disaffection to the advantage of the Whig party; and William H. Seward and Thurlow Weed devoted themselves to showing the delegates how their wishes could be gratified.

They delicately felt the opinions of the delegates and caressed their way into their private predilections and personal prejudices. They found that the preference for Clay was in the ascendant, that General Scott was the second choice of many delegates, and that Webster was the favorite of the New Englanders. There did not seem to be any enthusiasm for General Taylor. Ohio was strenuously opposed to him, and nearly solid for Scott. New England's first choice was Webster, and her second was Clay. New York was for Clay, with a leaning to Scott. Things looked unequivocally ominous for the Taylor movement. Seward and Weed took, and instructed their lieutenants to take a gloomy view of the Whig cause. The anticipated Free-soil bolt, with John P. Hale at its head, was magnified into a political bugaboo. Hale must be headed off, or the Whigs were doomed. If the Barnburners could only be pushed on to take the lead in the Free-soil bolt and nominate an influential Democrat—perhaps Martin Van Buren—for their candidate, the situation would be radically changed, and the success of the Whig nominee would be rendered almost sure. But the course of the Barnburners would be largely influenced by the proceedings of the Whig Convention. If it should put forward a candidate

who was obnoxious to Van Buren and his friends, they would not help elect him by bolting. On the other hand, if the Whigs should nominate a candidate who would not be personally objectionable to Van Buren and his friends, the probability was that the Barnburners would organize an independent movement. with Van Buren for their leader. Should they do this, the Empire State would certainly be carried by the Whigs, and that would doubtless give them a majority of the electoral votes, and ensure the election of the Whig candidate. With such ideas were the minds of the Whig delegates inseminated.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gypsy

Helen DeLacy Conway

Naught behind me of hopes and fears
Naught before me, not even the years!
This golden-glorious morn and I
In ragged red.
Oh the long road ahead
That twists and bends and never ends,
For this gypsy-love and I together
Make gods of every kind of weather.
And gray of the mist
Blue haze of the hills
Gray or blue of the sky
Sun-kissed field or glen sun-shy
Soft breath of the wind
Cool kiss of the rain
As they stir the pines in a peaceful calm
Or the mighty voice of the roused twain
As they sing me a psalm.
O-ho! what matter the mood
Since I match it good
Myself, but an echo of Nature's voice,
Oh the long road ahead!
I in ragged red
Respond to each note of her song and rejoice!

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

Some Biographies of Southern Cities —Charleston. S. C.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, was founded a great many years ago by a party of English people whose absence from home was regarded as a species of blessing by the near relatives of the colonists. It may be because of this lack of friendly relations on the part of their relatives that made the early settlers bitterly and stubbornly oppose the British in 1776-79. While the British did capture it in 1780, the early Charlestonians made it so uncomfortable for their ex-relatives, the city was evacuated by them in 1782.

During the later unpleasantness in the '60's, Charleston again became famous as a military point, the first shot being fired at Fort Sumter, which is opposite the city.

There were a large number of early French settlers in Charleston, and as these were of the aristocratic royalists of France, their descendants are intensely proud and cling to their old names, customs and manners.

As a place for "antiques" Charleston is the charm and despair of every "collector" of Early Anything. There is more old cut-glass, china, silver, spindle-legged furniture and brocade furnishings in Charleston than in any other city in the United States, and no amount of money would separate it from its owners. Also, there are more books with family trees exploited, and the only things the average Charlestonian dreads are strangers, innovations and new buildings.

Travelling salesmen dealing in paints always fight shy of Charleston, as it is considered a crime to paint a house after it has been built and received its initial coat.

The hall mark of Charlestonian aristocracy is to be a member of the St. Cecelia Club. The yearly dances of this exclusive association are indexes as to who may be classed as belonging to the inner circle, and none of those not so classified need expect to figure in the social doings of the upper circles, for THAT year at least.

So tenaciously does Charleston cling to the old and established, there are still signs of the earthquake which frightened the inhabitants some twenty odd years ago. A tidal wave which did damage later also left some still-visible traces.

In picturesqueness, few cities in the United States can approach Charleston. Situated so close to the ocean, the harbor is one of the most beautiful, dotted with many islands which harbor the Charleston people as long as the hot weather lasts.

In industries, cotton shipping, rice, rosin and lumber are big items in the circulating of money, but there are a number of minor industries which also add materially to the city's wealth.

As a visiting port for Southern bound tourists, the charm of Charleston is keenly recognized, several lines of steamers touching at the port.

The negroes of Charleston are a delight to the eyes of the Northern tourist, many of them clinging to the dress of their ante-bellum ancestors.

A large number of rice plantations are near Charleston, and this industry is one of the most valuable.

For charm of manner and hospitality the Charleston people are in a class by themselves, and their contact with the Newriches of the North seems to have made them cling more closely to their own way of living.

As a typically Southern city, Charleston may be regarded as the first.

there being fewer "new settlers" than in any of the other Southern cities, and this fact pleases rather than worries the average Charlestonian.

To the seeker for charm, peace and quiet, Charleston is recommended, and the advice is worth something to those who act by it.

Editors

Editors are a peculiar race of people created by a benign Providence for the purpose of instructing the universe as to morals and business methods.

An unkind world might suggest with good reason that the majority of editors had neither morals nor business ability, and the question is left open for debate.

Editors are divided into two classes: those who are, and those who are not. Of the former, most are dead; of the latter, Willie Hearst, of New York, is the ablest example.

The editors of country papers are the healthiest and best fed of the bunch; their followers are always anxious to see their names in print, and contributions of early vegetables, fruits, wedding cake and spring flowers, besides original essays, poetry, "memorials," birth, death and wedding notices, are received with mixed emotions by the editors.

Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett (the first) are always pointed to with pride by the Presidents of Corresponding Colleges for Editors as the two worthiest examples for youthful aspirants for editorial honors to follow.

Some editors find it difficult to separate personal grudges from public welfare, and the coroner has frequently had the last word when results were final.

Some readers imagine a lead pencil, a pair of scissors, a paste-pot and a bunch of good exchanges (i. e. other newspapers) are all that the duties of an editor require. Not so: an editor must be familiar with all the platforms of every political body since the signing of the Declaration of Independence; he must be able to tell his readers so forcibly just what they should believe in religion, politics, business, and social matters, that the files of his paper are the court of last resort in all arguments appertaining thereto; he must be able to change his mind about the man he fought last year and supports this, and to have his followers do the same; he must take himself so seriously as to pass unheeded the jibes and jeers of the public which reads the other paper.

Some editors are born, and some achieve editorship after the weary rounds of a newspaper office have been filled; others adopt the calling as a pastime, as witness James Gordon Bennett (the present) and the aforementioned Hearst. Each of these latter is in a class by himself, and each has money enough to stay there—they pay huge salaries to men with brains to stay on the job and edit.

All editors have the one failing in common: they love to read their own opinions of everything in general, and label it Public Opinion. It hurts their feelings dreadfully to be jolted into noticing that the people don't mind reading their sentiments, but cling still to their own.

Editors call this biased prejudice.

The life of an editor is not an untroubled dream. Labor unions, delinquent subscribers, irate contributors, wrathy politicians and mal-odorous administrations of municipalities and States conspire to trouble them, but, on the whole, the editor so enjoys the job of Director of Public Sentiment, he usually lives to a ripe old age and his enemies get even by writing his obituary.

STORIES OF GODS AND HEROES

(From Bulfinch's Mythology)

Chapter I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE religions of ancient Greece and Rome are extinct. The so-called divinities of Olympus have not a single worshipper among living men. They belong now not to the department of theology, but to those of literature and taste. There they still hold their place, and will continue to hold it, for they are too closely connected with the finest productions of poetry and art, both ancient and modern, to pass into oblivion.

We propose to tell the stories relating to them which have come down to us from the ancients, and which are alluded to by modern poets, essayists, and orators. Our readers may thus at the same time be entertained by the most charming fictions which fancy has ever created, and put in possession of information indispensable to every one who would read with intelligence the elegant literature of his own day.

In order to understand these stories it will be necessary to acquaint ourselves with the ideas of the structure of the universe which prevailed among the Greeks—the people from whom the Romans, and other nations through them, received their science and religion.

The Greeks believed the earth to be flat and circular, their own country occupying the middle of it, the central point being either Mount Olympus, the abode of the gods or Delphi so famous for its oracle.

The circular disk of the earth was crossed from west to east and divided into two equal parts by the *Sea*, as they called the Mediterranean, and its continuation, the Euxine, the only seas with which they were acquainted.

Around the earth flowed the *River Ocean*, its course being from south to north on the western side of the earth and in a contrary direction on the eastern side. It flowed in a steady, equable current, unvexed by storm or tempest. The sea and all the rivers on earth received their waters from it.

The northern portion of the earth was supposed to be inhabited by a happy race named the Hyperboreans, dwelling in everlasting bliss and spring beyond the lofty mountains whose caverns were supposed to send forth the piercing blasts of the north wind which chilled the people of Hellas (Greece). Their country was inaccessible by land or sea. They lived exempt from disease or old age, from toils and warfare. Moore has given us the "Song of a Hyperborean," beginning

"I come from a land in the sun-bright deep,
Where the golden gardens glow,
Where the winds of the north, becalmed in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow."

On the south side of the earth, close to the stream of Ocean, dwelt a people happy and virtuous as the Hyperboreans. They were named the Aethiopians. The gods favored them so highly that they were wont to leave at times their Olympian abodes and go to share their sacrifices and banquets.

On the western margin of the earth, by the stream of Ocean, lay a happy place named Elysian Plain, whither mortals favored by the gods were transported, without tasting of death, to enjoy an immortality of bliss. This happy region was also called the

"Fortunate Fields" and the "Isles of the Blessed."

We thus see that the Greeks of the early ages knew little of any real people except those to the east and south of their own country or near the coast to the Mediterranean. Their imagination meantime peopled the western portion of this sea with giants, monsters and enchantresses; while they placed around the disk of the earth, which they probably regarded as of no great width, nations enjoying the peculiar favor of the gods and blessed with happiness and longevity.

The Dawn, the Sun, and the Moon were supposed to rise out of the Ocean, on the eastern side, and to drive through the air, giving light to gods and men. The stars also, except those forming the Wain or Bear, and others near them, rose out of and sank into the stream of Ocean. There the sun-god embarking in a winged boat, which conveyed him round by the northern part of the earth back to his place of rising in the east. Milton alludes to this in his *Comus*.

> "Now the gilded car of day
> His golden axle doth allay
> In the steep Atlantic stream,
> And the slope Sun his upward beam
> Shoots against the dusky pole
> Pacing toward the other goal
> Of his chamber in the east."

The abode of the gods was on the summit of Mount Olympus, in Thessaly. A gate of clouds kept by the goddesses named the Seasons, opened to permit the passage of the Celestials to earth and to receive them on their return. The gods had their separate dwellings; but all, when summoned, repaired to the palace of Jupiter, as did also those deities whose usual abode was the earth, the waters, or the underworld. It was also in the great hall of the palace of the Olympian king that the gods feasted each day on ambrosia and nectar, their food and drink, the latter being handed round by the lovely goddess Hebe. Here they conversed of the affairs of heaven and earth; and as they quaffed their nectar, Apollo, the god of music, delighted them with the tones of his lyre, to which the Muses sang in responsive strains. When the sun was set the gods retired to sleep in their respective dwellings.

The following lines from the *Odyssey* will show how Homer conceived of Olympus:

> "So saying, Minerva, goddess azure-eyed,
> Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat
> Eternal of the gods, which never storms
> Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm
> The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day.
> There the inhabitants divine rejoice
> Forever." *Cowper.*

The robes and other parts of the dress of the goddesses were woven by Minerva and the Graces, and everything of a more solid nature was formed of the various metals. Vulcan was architect, smith, armorer, chariot builder, and artist of all work in Olympus. He built of brass the houses of the gods; he made for them the golden shoes with which they trod the air or the water, and moved from place to place with the speed of the wind or even of thought. He also shod with brass the celestial steeds which whirled the chariots of the gods through the air or along the surface of the sea. He was able to bestow on his workmanship self-motion, so that the tripods (chairs and tables) could move themselves in and out of the celestial hall. He even endowed with intelligence the golden handmaidens whom he made to wait on himself.

Jupiter, or Jove (Zeus), though called the father of gods and men, had himself a beginning. Saturn was his father and Rhea his mother. Saturn and Rhea were of the race of Titans, who were the children of Earth and Heaven, which sprang from Chaos, of which we shall give a further account in our next chapter.

There is antther cosmogony, or account of the creation, according to which Earth, Erebus, and Love were the first of beings. Love issued from the egg of Night, which floated on Chaos. By his arrows and torch he pierced and vivified all things, producing life and joy.

Saturn and Rhea were not the only Titans. There were others, whose names were Oceanus, Hyperion, Japetus, and Ophion, males; and Themis, Mnemosyne, Eurynome, females. They are spoken of as the elder gods, whose dominion was afterward transferred to others. Saturn yielded to Jupiter, Oceanus to Neptune, Hyperion to Apollo. Hyperion was the father of the Sun, Moon and Dawn. He is therefore the original sun-god, and is painted with the splendor and beauty which were afterwards bestowed on Apollo.

"Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself."
Shakespeare.

Ophion and Eurynome ruled over Olympus till they were dethroned by Saturn and Rhea. Milton alludes to them in *Paradise Lost.* He says the heathens seem to have had some knowledge of the temptation and fall of man.

"And fabled how the serpent, whom they called
Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps), had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven."

The representations given of Saturn are not very consistent; for on the one hand his reign is said to have been the golden age of innocence and purity, and on the other he is described as a monster who devoured his own children. Jupiter, however, escaped this fate, and when grown up espoused Metis (Prudence), who administered a draught to Saturn which caused him to disgorge his children. Jupiter, with his brothers and sisters, now rebelled against their father Saturn and his brothers the Titans; vanquished them, and imprisoned some of them in Tartarus, inflicting other penalties on others. Atlas was condemned to bear up the heavens on his shoulders.

On the dethronement of Saturn, Jupiter with his brothers Neptune and Pluto divided his dominions. Jupiter's portion was the heavens, Neptune's the ocean, and Pluto's the realms of the dead. Earth and Olympus were common property. Jupiter was king of gods and men. The thunder was his weapon, and he bore a shield called Aegis, made for him by Vulcan. The eagle was his favorite bird and bore his thunderbolts.

Juno (Hera) was the wife of Jupiter, the queen of the gods. Iris, the goddess of the rainbow, was her attendant and messenger. The peacock was her favorite bird.

Vulcan (Hephaestus), the celestial artist, was the son of Jupiter and Juno. He was born lame, and his mother was so displeased at the sight of him that she flung him out of heaven. Other accounts say that Jupiter kicked him out for taking part with his mother in a quarrel which occurred between them. Vulcan's lameness, according to this account, was the consequence of his fall. He was a whole day falling, and at last alighted in the Island of Lemnos, which was thenceforth sacred to him. Milton alludes to this story in *Paradise Lost*, Book 1.

"From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Aegean isle."

Mars (Ares), the god of war, was the son of Jupiter and Juno.

Phoebus Apollo, the god of archery, prophecy and music, was the son of Jupiter and Latona and brother of Diana (Artemis). He was god of the sun, as Diana, his sister, was the goddess of the moon.

Venus (Aphrodite), the goddess of love and beauty, was the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. Others say that Venus sprang from the foam of the

sea. The zephyr wafted her along the waves to the Isle of Cyprus, where she was received and attired by the Seasons and then led to the assembly of the gods. All were charmed with her beauty, and each one demanded her for his wife. Jupiter gave her to Vulcan, in gratitude for the service he had rendered in forging thunderbolts. So the most beautiful of the goddesses became the wife of the most ill-favored of the gods. Venus possessed an embroidered girdle called Cestus, which had the power of inspiring love. Her favorite birds were swans and doves, and the plants sacred to her were the rose and the myrtle.

Cupid (Eros), the god of love, was the son of Venus. He was her constant companion; and, armed with bow and arrows, he shot the darts of desire into the bosoms of both gods and men. There was a deity named Anteros, who was sometimes represented as the avenger of slighted love and sometimes as the symbol of reciprocal affection. The following legend is told of him:

Venus, complaining to Themis that her son Eros continued always a child, was told by her that it was because he was solitary, and that if he had a brother he would grow apace. Anteros was soon afterward born, and Eros immediately was seen to increase rapidly in size and strength

Minerva (Pallas Athene), the goddess of wisdom, was the offspring of Jupiter, without a mother. She sprang forth from his head, completely armed. Her favorite bird was the owl, and the plant sacred to her the olive.

Byron, in *Childe Harold*, alludes to the birth of Minerva, thus:

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise, when she
Sprang forth a pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no
such shore?"

Mercury (Hermes) was the son of Jupiter and Maia. He presided over commerce, wrestling, and other gymnastic exercises, even over thieving, and everything, in short, which required skill and dexterity. He was the messenger of Jupiter, and wore a winged cap and winged shoes. He bore in his hand a rod entwined with two serpents, called the caduceus.

Mercury is said to have invented the lyre. He found one day a tortoise, of which he took the shell, made holes in the opposite edges of it, and drew cords of linen through them, and the instrument was complete. The cords were nine, in honor of the nine Muses. Mercury gave the lyre to Apollo, and received from him in exchange the caduceus.

Ceres (Demeter) was the daughter of Saturn and Rhea. She had a daughter named Proserpina (Persephone), who became the wife of Pluto and queen of the realms of the dead. Ceres presided over agriculture.

Bacchus (Dionysus), the god of wine, was the son of Jupiter and Semele. He represents not only the intoxicating power of wine, but its social and benificent influences likewise, so that he is viewed as the promoter of civilization and a lawgiver and lover of peace.

The muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne (Memory). They presided over song and prompted the memory. They were nine in number, to each of whom was assigned the presidence over some particular department of literature, art, or science. Calliope was the muse of epic poetry, Clio of history, Euterpe of lyric poetry, Melpomene of tragedy, Terpsichore of choral dance and song, Erato of love poetry, Polyhymnia of sacred poetry, Urania of astronomy, Thalia of comedy.

The Graces were goddesses presiding over the banquet, the dance, and all social enjoyments and elegant arts.

They were three in number. Their names were Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia.

The Fates were also three—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. Their office was to spin the thread of human destiny, and they were armed with shears, with which they cut it off when they pleased. They were the daughters of Themis (Law), who sits by Jove on his throne to give him counsel.

The Erinys, or Furies, were three goddesses who punished by their secret stings the crimes of those who escaped or defied public justice. The heads of the Furies were wreathed with serpents, and their whole apearance was terrific and appalling. Their names were Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megaera. They were also called Eumenides.

Nemesis was also an avenging goddess. She represents the righteous anger of the gods, particularly toward the proud and insolent.

Pan was the god of flocks and shepherds. His favorite residence was in Arcadia.

ROMAN DIVINITIES.

The preceding are Greek divinities, though recived also by the Romans. Those which follow are peculiar to Roman mythology.

Saturn was an ancient Italian deity. It was attempted to identify him with the Grecian god Cronus, and fabled that after his dethronement by Jupiter he fled to Italy, where he reigned during what was called the Golden Age. In memory of his beneficent dominion the feast of Saturnalia was held every year in the winter season. Then all public business was suspended, declarations of war and criminal executions were postponed, friends made presents to one another, and the slaves were indulged with great liberties. A feast was given them at which they sat at table, while their masters served them, to show the natural equality of man, and that all things belonged equally to all in the reign of Saturn.

Faunus, the grandson of Saturn, was worshipped as the god of fields and shepherds, and also as a prophetic god. His name in the plural, Fauns, expressed a class of gamesome deities, like the Satyrs of the Greeks.

Quirinus was a war god, said to be no other than Romulus, the founder of Rome, exalted after his death to a place among the gods.

Bellona, a war goddess.

Terminus, the god of landmarks. His statue was a rude stone or post, set in the ground to mark the boundaries of fields.

Pales, the goddess presiding over cattle and pastures.

Pomona presided over fruit trees.

Flora, the goddess of flowers.

Lucina, the goddess of childbirth.

Vesta (the Hestia of the Greeks) was a deity presiding over the public and private hearth. A sacred fire, tended by six virgin priestesses called Vestals, flamed in her temple. As the safety of the city was held to be connected with its conservation, the neglect of the virgins, if they let it go out, was severely punished, and the fire was rekindled from the rays of the sun.

Liber is the Latin name of Bacchus, and Mulciber of Vulcan.

Janus was the porter of heaven. He opens the year, the first month being named after him. He is the guardian deity of gates, on which account he is commonly represented with two heads, because every door looks two ways. His temples at Rome were numerous. In war time the gates of the principal one were always open. In peace they were closed; but they were shut only once between the reign of Numa and that of Augustus.

The Penates were the gods who were supposed to attend to the welfare and prosperity of the family. Their name is derived from Penus, the pantry, which was sacred to them. Every master of a family was the priest of the Penates of his own house.

The Lares, or Lars, were also household gods, but differed from the Penates in being regarded as the deified spirits of mortals. The family Lars were held to be the souls of the ancestors, who watched over and protected their descendants. The words Lemur and Larva more nearly correspond to our word Ghost.

The Romans believed that every man had his Genius and every woman her Juno; that is, a spirit who had given them being, and was regarded as their protector through life. On their birthdays men made offerings to their Genius, women to their Juno.

N. B. It is to be observed that in proper names the final *e* and *es* are to be sounded. Thus Cybele and Penates are words of three syllables. But Prosperine and Thebes are exceptions and to be pronounced as English words.

Chapter II.

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA.

The creation of the world is a problem naturally fitted to excite the liveliest interest of man, its inhabitant. The ancient pagans, not having the information on the subject which we derive from the pages of Scripture, had their own way of telling the story, which was as follows:

Before earth, and sea, and heaven were created all things wore one aspect, to which we give the name of Chaos—a confused and shapeless mass, nothing but dead weight, in which, however, slumbered the seeds of things. Earth, sea, and air were all mixed up together; so the earth was not solid, and the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. God and Nature at last interposed and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part, being the lightest, sprang up and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth, being heavier, sank below, and the water took the lowest place and buoyed up the earth.

Here some god—it is not known which—gave his good offices in arranging and disposing the earth. He appointed rivers and bays their places, raised mountains, scooped out valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds of the air, and four-footed beasts of the land.

But a nobler animal was wanted, and Man was made. It is not known whether the Creator made him of divine materials, or whether in the earth, so lately separated from heaven, there lurked still some heavenly seeds. Prometheus took some of this earth, and, kneading it up with water, made man in the image of the gods. He gave him an upright stature, so that while all other animals turn their faces downward and look to the earth, he raises his to heaven and gazes on the stars.

Prometheus was one of the Titans, a gigantic race who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of making man and providing him and all other animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Epimetheus undertook to do this, and Prometheus was to look over his work when it was done. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the different animals the various gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third, etc. But when man came to be provided for, who was to be superior to all other animals, Epimetheus had been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left to bestow upon him. In his perplexity he resorted to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven, and lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun and brought down fire to man. With this gift man was more than a match for all other animals. It enabled him to make weapons wherewith to

subdue them; tools with which to cultivate the earth; to warm his dwelling, so as to be comparatively independent of climate; and finally to introduce the arts and to coin money, the means of trade and commerce.

Woman was not yet made. The story (absurd enough!) is that Jupiter made her and sent her to Promethous and his brother, to punish them for their presumption in stealing fire from heaven; and man, for accepting the gift. The first woman was named Pandora. She was made in heaven, every god contributing something to perfect her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury persuasion, Apollo music, etc. Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth and presented to Epimetheus, who gladly acepted her, though cautioned by his brother to beware of Jupiter and his gifts. Epimetheus had in his house a jar in which were kept certain noxious articles, for which, in fitting man for his new abode, he had had no occasion. Pandora was seized with an eager curiosity to know what this jar contained; and one day she slipped off the cover and looked in. Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man—such as gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body, and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind—and scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid; but, alas! the whole contents of the jar had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was *hope*. So we see at this day, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have *that*, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

Another story is that Pandora was sent in good faith, by Jupiter, to bless man; that she was furnished with a box containing her marriage presents, into which every god had put some blessing. She opened the box incautiously and the blesings all escaped, *hope* only excepted. This story seems more probable than the former; for how could *hope*, so precious a jewel as it is, have been kept in a jar full of all manner of evils, as in the former statement?

The world being thus furnished with inhabitants, the first age was an age of innocence and happiness, called the *Golden Age*. Truth and right prevailed, though not enforced by law, nor was there any magistrate to threaten or punish. The forest had not yet been robbed of its trees to furnish timber for vessels, nor had men built fortifications round their towns. There were no such things as swords, spears, or helmets. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man without his labor in ploughing or sowing. Perpetual spring reigned, flowers sprang up without seed, the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and yellow honey distilled from the oaks.

Then succeeded the *Silver Age*, inferior to the golden, but better than that of brass. Jupiter shortened the spring and divided the year into seasons. Then, first, men had to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and houses became necessary. Caves were the first dwellings, and leafy coverts of the woods and huts woven of twigs. Crops would no longer grow without planting. The farmer was obliged to sow the seed and the toiling ox to draw the plow.

Next came the *Brazen Age*, more savage of temper and readier to the strife of arms, yet not altogether wicked. The hardest and worst was the *Iron Age*. Crime burst in like a flood; modesty, truth and honor fled. In their places came fraud and cunning, violence, and the wicked love of gain. Then seamen spread sails to the wind, and the trees were torn from the mountains to serve for keels to ships and vex the face of ocean. The earth, which till now had been cultivated in common, began to be divided off into possessions. Men were not satisfied with what the surface produced, but must dig into its bowels and draw forth

from thence the ores of metals. Mischievous *iron* and more mischievous *gold* were produced. War sprang up, using both as weapons; the guest was not safe in his friend's house; and sons-in-law and fathers-in-law, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives could not trust one another. Sons wished their fathers dead, that they might come to the inheritance; family love lay prostrate. The earth was wet with slaughter, and the gods abandoned it, one by one, till Astraea alone was left, and finally she also took her departure.

Jupiter, seeing this state of things, burned with anger. He summoned the gods to council. They obeyed the call and took the road to the palace of heaven. The road, which any one may see in a clear night, stretches across the face of the sky, and is called the Milky Way. Along the road stand the palaces of the illustrious gods; the common people of the skies live apart, on either side. Jupiter addressed the assembly. He set forth the frightful condition of things on the earth, and closed by announcing his intention to destroy the whole of its inhabitants and provide a new race, unlike the first, who would be more worthy of life and much better worshippers of the gods. So saying he took a thunderbolt, and was about to launch it at the world and destroy it by burning; but recollecting the danger that such a conflagration might set heaven itself on fire, he changed his plan, and resolved to drown it. The north wind, which scatters the clouds, was chained up, the south was sent out and soon covered all the face of heaven with a cloak of pitchy darkness. The clouds, driven together resound with a crash; torrents of rain fall; the crops are laid low; the year's labor of the husbandman perishes in an hour. Jupiter, not satisfied with his own waters, calls on his brother Neptune to aid him with his. He lets loose the rivers and pours them over the land. At the same time he heaves the land with an earthquake and brings in the reflux of the ocean over the shores. Flocks, herds, men, and houses are swept away, and temples, with their sacred enclosures, profaned. If any edifice remained standing, it was overwhelmed, and its turrets lay hid beneath the waves. Now all was sea, sea without shore. Here and there an individual remained on a projecting hilltop, and a few, in boats, pulled the oar where they had lately driven the plough. The fishes swim among the treetops; the anchor is let down into a garden. Where the graceful lambs played but now, unwieldy sea-calves gambol. The wolf swims among the sheep, the yellow lions and tigers struggle in the water. The strength of the wild boar serves him not, nor his swiftness the stag. The birds fall with weary wing into the water, having found no land for a resting-place. Those living beings whom the water spared fell a prey to hunger.

Parnassus alone, of all the mountains, overtopped the waves; and there Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, of the race of Prometheus, found refuge—he a just man and she a faithful worshipper of the gods. Jupiter, when he saw none left alive but this pair, and remembered their harmless lives and pious demeanor, ordered the north winds to drive away the clouds, and disclose the skies to earth and earth to the skies. Neptune also directed Triton to blow on his shell and sound a retreat to the waters. The waters obeyed, and the sea returned to its shores and the rivers to their channels. Then Deucalion thus addressed Pyrrha: "O my wife, only surviving woman, joined to me first by the ties of kindred and marriage and now by a common danger, would that we possessed the power of our ancestor Prometheus, and could renew the race as he at first made it! But as we cannot, let us seek yonder temple and inquire of the gods what remains for us to do." They entered the temple, deformed as it was with slime, and approached the altar, where no fire burned. There they fell pros-

trate on the earth and prayed the goddess to inform them how they might retrieve their miserable affairs. The oracle answered, "Depart from the temple with head veiled and garments unbound, and cast behind you the bones of your mother." They heard the words with atsonishment. Pyrrha first broke silence: "We cannot obey; we dare not profane the remains of our parents." They sought the thickest shades of the wood and revolved the oracle in their minds. At length Deucalion spoke: "Either my sagacity deceives me or the command is one we may obey without impiety. The earth is the great parent of all; the stones are her bones; these we may cast behind us; and I think this is what the oracle means. At least, it will do no harm to try." They veiled their faces, unbound their garments, and picked up stones, and cast them behind them. The stones (wonderful to relate) began to grow soft and assume shape. By degrees they put on a rude resemblance to the human form, like a block half finished in the hands of the sculptor. The moisture and slime that were about them became flesh; the stony part became bones; the veins remained veins, retaining their name, only changing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women. It was a hard race and well adapted to labor, as we find outselves to be at this day, giving plain indications of our origin.

It is curious to note how, even in many particulars, this tradition corresponds to the account of the deluge in the Bible—God's determination to destroy every living thing on the earth, the ark on Ararat with the temple on Parnassus, Deucalion and Pyrrha with Noah and his wife. Both Deucalion and Noah were saved for their righteous lives, both offered sacrifices at the abatement of the waters, and both had the promise of this being the last deluge.

The comparison of Eve to Pandora is too obvious to have escaped Milton, who introduces it in Book IV. of *Paradise Lost*.

Prometheus and Epimetheus were sons of Japetus, which Milton changes to Japhet. Prometheus was the son of Japetus and the ocean nymph Clymene. By some he is supposed to be identical with Magog (Gen. 10:2). The latter was the son of Japhet (a name closely allied to Japetus). Both were to settle in Scythia; both invented or improved the art of forging metals. Prometheus was the brother of Atlas, Menoetius, and Epimetheus, the last of whom is confused with Gog, the brother of Magog. Prometheus had a common altar in Athens, where there was a yearly festival called the Prometheia, of which a torch-race was the most prominent feature.

Prometheus has been a favorite subject with the poets. Aeschylus wrote a trilogy about him, the third part of which Mrs. Browning has admirably translated. He is represented as the friend of mankind, who interposed in their behalf when Jove was incensed against them, and who taught them civilization and the arts. But as, in so doing, he transgressed the will of Jupiter, he drew down on himself the anger of the ruler of gods and men. Jupiter had him chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where a vulture preyed on his liver, which was renewed as fast as devoured. This state of torment might have been brought to an end at any time by Prometheus if he had been willing to submit to his oppressor; for he possessed a secret which involved the stability of Jove's throne, and if he would have revealed it he might have been at once taken into favor. But that he disdained to do. He has therefore become the symbol of magnanimous endurance of unmerited suffering and strength of will resisting oppression.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME SIDE-LIGHTS ON POLITICAL METHODS

[It does not require a great amount of discernment to note the awakening of the American people to the political conditions by which they are handicapped.

A new department begins in WATSON'S MAGAZINE this month, in which three separate and distinct phases of politics as they are, are handled by three different writers. Each month we hope to publish a number of communications of this sort, from the people directly interested. —THE EDITOR.]

How An Incompetent Official Was Defeated

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am enclosing herewith copies of two letters which I wrote and mailed to Judge W. N. Spence, of Camilla, Ga., in 1908. One of them was written a few days before Judge Spence announced his candidacy for re-election to the office of judge of the superior courts of the Albany circuit, the other a few days after his announcement. I am offering them to you for publication in WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

As to the facts set forth, these letters will bear a close scrutiny or investigation. They picture a situation, all too common in Georgia and some other States, which will not be without interest to the political economist. Nor are they without some human interest, to judge from the effects produced in the minds of those few private friends who have read them. The letters have not been published before.

I might add that Judge Spence continued his race in 1908, and was defeated, his record being the principal cause of his defeat. Again, in 1910, he was a candidate for Congress to succeed J. M. Griggs, deceased, and was again overwhelmingly defeated, his record as judge being badly in his way as a candidate for Congress.

With best wishes for the continued success of your publications, I am,

Yours very sincerely, C. E. HAY.

Sylvester, Ga.

(COPY)

March 24, 1908.

JUDGE W. N. SPENCE, Camilla, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR:—I learn from the newspapers that you are to have opposition in the event you try to be re-elected to the office you now hold. In fact, I have read the published announcement of the estimable gentleman who will oppose you in the race; and I find in his card and between its lines certain things which cause me great concern, lest you now lose the job you have held for the past twelve years, or thereabout.

To come to the point, I see plainly that if you announce for re-election your political enemies will at once charge that during the twelve years of your judgeship your ignorance and corruption have cost the people of your circuit at least $75,000.00!

As sure as you run, they will charge it; and what troubles me most is the fact that they will practically prove it.

Lest you think me unnecessarily alarmed, allow me to say that I have gone carefully through every volume of the Supreme Court and Appellate Court Reports that have come from the press since the time you first went upon the bench; and I find that during your judgeship you have been reversed about 125 times—just a little more than any other judge in the history of the State.

I find, also, that if we deduct from all your decisions that have been reviewed by higher courts that number in which the discretion of the trial judge is made to control—that is, deduct only those cases in which you would have been affirmed no matter which way you decided—then, you have been reversed far more often than you have been affirmed.

This is a fact which I must admit and which no self-respecting friend of yours will deny. Nor can we deny that it is perfectly fair to you to deduct such cases in arriving at your legal ability and fitness for the office.

Now, my dear sir, when your enemies shall have discovered this fact—and they are bound to discover it, if they have not already done so—they will say to the people that it is better far to return to the ways of the barbarians of old and settle disputes by the casting of lots than to keep you on the bench!

They will point out, also, that by the casting of lots—by the mere thumping up of a coin and saying: "Heads, the plaintiff wins; tails, the defendant"—the parties litigant will at least get justice about as often as injustice, whereas, with you on the bench, they have not done it.

And when they have said these things, how in the name of common sense and political decency can we answer them? What can we say in the face of such facts?

The facts themselves cannot be denied, for they are a part of the permanent records of the State. Some are shown by the minutes of every court in your circuit. Some are indelibly written in the permanent records of both the review courts of the State of Georgia. It is true that your enemies cannot magnify them; but, at the same time, it is true that your friends cannot minify them.

These facts are immutable and are stubborn things; and the arguments deducible therefrom are well-nigh as stubborn. What, in

Heaven's name, shall we do about it? How, my dear sir, can we fool the people forever?

Furthermore, your enemies will charge that it costs the taxpayers of your circuit at least $300.00 a day to run your court. And they will prove it by the records.

They will next show that it takes from half a day to a whole week to try such cases as you have been reversed in, or an average of at least a day to the case, making at least 125 days of your court, at a cost to the taxpayers of $300.00 a day, which amounted to absolutely nothing but the cost—and all because of your errors.

Then, any voter can multiply 125 days by $300.00, and see for himself that the cost of your errors to the taxpayers of your circuit has been just $37,500.00!

This cost has come from *the taxpayers*, to say nothing as yet of the cost to *the litigants*. This amount has come out of the property of the counties where you have held court. Of this cost, each and every piece of taxable property in the counties where you have held court has borne and must bear its pro rata part, though the owner thereof be the purest of living women, who never saw the inside of a court-house, or the tenderest of tender babes, whose father left it a mite of property as his last dying bequest. The only way for any person to escape the payment of a part of this cost is to own no property in your circuit—or else elect a judge who will not commit such errors.

And when the indisputable facts shall have been laid bare to the public by your opponents and all the arguments I have here indicated shall have been deduced therefrom, what, I pray, shall we answer them? How can we satisfy the people? Until you know the answers, I beg of you, avoid the charges!

Again, the enormous cost to the litigants will be revealed, cost which they paid in these cases in addition to that paid by the taxpayers, but, like it, paid solely because of your errors. In some cases, it was a few dollars only; in others, it ranged higher than a thousand dollars. A conservative average is at least $300.00 to the case, or about the same as the taxpayers cost already referred to, thereby piling up another $37,500.00 on top of the $37,500.00 referred to above, making a total of at least $75,000.00 which your errors have cost the people of your circuit!

Talk about piling Pelion on Ossa! If you make this race, that hackneyed old phrase of Ovid will be tamer than mud before the campaign is over!

Why, my dear sir, that $75,000.00 gone to pay for your errors is sufficient to build a comfortable school house in half the rural districts of your circuit! And yet the people are footing your bills and using cabins for school houses!! Don't you see, my dear sir, that if you enter this race, you will be made to appear the most stupendous piece of judicial assaninity known to these modern times!!!

Again, this $75,000.00 of waste is about three times as much as your total salary has been for the whole time you have been judge; that is to say, three times as much for your errors as for your services, or as for the services of a just and capable judge.

Besides all this, you got the salary, too. This $75,000.00 comes wholly from your doing what you ought not to have done, not in any part from your doing what you were paid to do.

And, too, some people will be so heartless as to charge this whole $75,000.00 worth of your errors to corruption; but some will be more charitable, and will charge at least a part of it to your ignorance. All will say that if you decided erroneously knowing it was error, you are corrupt; but if you decided erroneously believing it was law, then, you are only ignorant.

But, while the logic of that argument appears to be irresistible, it places you between the devil and the deep blue sea. For between Ignorance and Corruption, a voter can have no choice but to choose Another Man!

And when your numerous enemies and powerful political opponents shall have said all this, shall have said it loud and strong in the heat of impassioned debate, in the presence of the people who foot the bill, what, in Heaven's name, shall WE say? How, my dear sir, can we satisfy the people? Until you help me, Judge, I am speechless!

I remember to have read somewhere of a certain species of ape, the peculiarity of which is that its tail never quits growing until the ape dies from carrying it, dies from the very weight of his own tail. And, as I look at you and your record and think of this ape and his tail, I cannot help remarking how like you are to your Darwinian ancestors! With a $75,000.00 tail to drag, how much farther can you hope to go?

Before me, as I write, lies a few volumes of the Supreme Court Reports. I pick up the 103rd Georgia. In it, you have ten of your judgments reviewed—and you get reversed in six out of the ten! The six will be found on pages 1, 123, 145, 242, 503, and 573. Look them up for yourself.

Next, I pick up the 104th Georgia. In it, four of your judgments are reviewed—and you get reversed in three out of the four! The three will be found on pages 530, 599, and 723. Look them up.

Next, I pick up the 106th Georgia. In it, seven of your judgments are reviewed—and you get reversed in five out of the seven! The five will be found on pages 197, 199, and 472. Will you trouble to look them up, also?

Growing sick at heart, I next pick up the 107th Georgia. In it, six of your judgments are reviewed—and, by the eternal gods, you get reversed in four out of the six! For the reversed ones, see pages 778, 811, 812, and 852.

So far, the score stands 9 to 12—against you.

But these volumes came out during the early days of your judgship, so I pass on to later volumes, hoping to see that you im-

proved with years of experience on the bench. But what do I find?

This: In the 115th Georgia, the score is 4 to 1—against you. In the 117th, it is 3 to 0 against you, unless we count in your favor one discretionary ruling, which will make it 3 to 1—but still against you. In the 120th, it is 4 to 1 against you, or 4 to 2 if we count one discretionary ruling, but against you in either event. In the 122nd, it is 4 to 2 against you.

AND GOD ONLY KNOWS HOW YOUR RECORD WOULD HAVE STOOD HAD ALL YOUR JUDGMENTS BEEN REVIEWED! And He only can foretell the many dreadful things your foes will say about you if you enter this race now, they being backed by such a dreadful array of indisputable facts!

There are various other matters I might mention for your consideration, but owing to the length of this letter I will leave them for my next. I have tried, in my feeble way, to view the whole matter from the standpoint of your opponents and plan a campaign accordingly. You see how well I have succeeded.

Trusting that you will receive this letter in the proper spirit, and not like the base ingrate who makes enemies of all who fail to flatter, I am,

Very respectfully, CLIFFORD E. HAY.

(COPY)

April 6, 1908.

JUDGE W. N. SPENCE, Camilla, Ga.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—Inasmuch as I have not heard from you in reply to my letter of March 24, I fear you did not receive it. Any way, I see from the newspapers that you have announced your candidacy for renomination to the office of judge of the superior courts of the Albany circuit.

In order to make sure that I have done my full duty toward you, I hasten to enclose you a carbon copy of that letter—while there is yet time for you to retire from the race on the ground of bad health, or something of that sort.

But I desire, first, to correct one grave error I made in my former letter. In that letter, I showed very clearly how it may be charged by the opposition that your ignorance and corruption have cost the people of your circuit at least $75,000.00. But the impression is left that that $75,000.00 is all the harm it can be charged that your ignorance and corruption have done the people. On further consideration, I am convinced that such an impression is grave error.

That $75,000.00 (it may be said by your enemies) represents only the cold cash the people of your circuit had to pull out of their pockets to pay *for your wrong rulings;* while, to tell the whole truth, *you entire conduct of affairs* since you went upon the bench have cost the people more than *twice* $75,000.00.

The official reports of the Supreme Court and of the Court of Appeals show conclusively that you have been reversed about 125 times—just a little more than any other judge in the history of the State—precisely as I said before. Which means that you have held about 125 days of court that did nothing permanent but pile up cost—pile it higher than Pelion on Ossa—precisely as I said before.

And the taxpayers paid $300.00 a day for each of these useless days of your court, or a total of $37,500.00. In addition thereto, the litigants paid an average of $300.00 to the case, or another total of $37,500.00. Also, these two totals make a grand total of $75,0000.00, which (it may be charged) the people of your circuit have forever parted from for absolutely nothing in return, for absolutely nothing on earth but to pay for your way of deciding everything backwards.

But all this is pointed out in detail in my former letter.

In addition to all that is said in that letter, however, you might as well remember that you have never made a calendar for the criminal weeks of your court, and rarely for the civil weeks, never set down cases for a day certain so that parties, attorneys, and witnesses in such cases could attend your court only on the days on which they were needed. But, on the contrary, you have always insised on having at your court all the witnesses and all the parties in all the cases all the time.

Bear in mind, also, that the gentleman who is now running against you has always done the very opposite, has always required at his court only those persons who were needed, always let the people know through the newspapers weeks before court on just what day they would be needed.

And by so doing (it will be said) he has saved to the people of his court the very cost which you have caused to the people of your court, though his was only a city court having jurisdiction over only one county.

Now, let us see what that cost is: By your way of doing (it may be said by some cruel one of the opposition) you managed to have at each of those 125 useless days of your costly court some three or four hundred useless witnesses and and useless parties—people there in absolutely idleness and at their own expense, there for no other reason on earth than because you required them to be there and attached them for contempt if they failed to come.

Certainly, each man of them had to lose his time and pay his board. His time was worth a dollar a day, or more, and his board cost him equally as much, or more, making a total loss of at least two dollars a day to the man, or a total loss to the three or four hundred men of some $600.00 or $800.00 a day. It might be more nearly correct to estimate a mans time as worth two dollars a day and his expenses at the same figure, which would place the total cost to useless witnesses and useless parties at some amount between $1,200.00 and $1,600.00 a day!

But multiply 125 days by only $800.00, and you will see that the fruitless days of your court alone (to say nothing as yet of the whole time) have cost useless witnesses and useless parties at least $100,000.00!

Now, add to this $100,000.00 paid by useless witnesses and useless parties the $37,500.00 paid by the taxpayers for your reversed judgments. Then, add the $37,500.00 paid by the litigants for the same thing. And what do we find?

This (some heartless rascal may say): That during the twelve years of your judgeship, your bad judgment and worse methods have together cost the people who must now vote either for or against you a gross total sum of at least $175,000.00!

And this: That the cost of your errors to the people of your circuit has already amounted to enough to pay the whole salary of a just and capable judge for the next three generations, or longer!

Besides all which, you got the salary, too—and some heartless wretch may think about it!

My God! I dare not anticipate the argument further, lest I turn against you myself!

Bear in mind, too, that I have here counted the cost for only 125 days, whereas you have been holding your court for twelve long and monstrous years. To pursue these calculations throughout *all* the days of your court, might reveal an amount of waste from your errors so enormous that it would even cause your kinspeople to change their names and deny their relationship to you forever!

And what, my dear sir, can we say to the people when they hear all this and count the cost? On what ground can we ask them to perpetuate their burden? Will it be sufficient, think you, merely to cuss the niggers and the railroads, yell Refawm, and promise that you will do better in the future, if elected?

But I look to your published announcement; and, by the eternal gods, you have already said to the people: *"I shall continue in the future as in the past."*

Now, my dear Judge, I have drawn you a picture of that past as it may be painted to the people. Do you promise them a continuation of *that?* Is it really your intention to do *in the future*, if elected, as you have done *in the past?* I cannot think that it is; I sincerely trust that it is not.

Already (some heartless wretch may say) there is scarcely a farm in all your circuit but has given up a hand or several hands—in the busiest season of the year at that—for no other purpose than to swell the number of that idle horde of useless witnesses and useless parties which you required at your court—some in cases that were never called, some on one or more of those 125 useless days, days of your court rendered absolutely worthless by your errors, which caused all the work done by honest jurors to be set aside by a higher and impartial court.

And do you think that these farmers, learning the facts as they unchangably exist and hearing the arguments logically deducible therefrom, will vote so as to get IN THE FUTURE what they have got IN THE PAST?

And how will it be with the naval stores manufacturers? And how with the sawmill operators? In all your circuit (some one may charge) there is scarcely a man among them but has lost his hundreds of dollars in cold cash advanced to his negro laborers who went to swell that idle horde of useless witnesses at your court. There is scarcely a still or a mill but has at some time had to shut down for want of sufficient labor left from your court to run it!

Do you think that these men will support you now on your promise to do them IN THE FUTURE as you have done them IN THE PAST? Is it possible for them to have sufficient sense to run their business with success and at the same time have little enough sense to perpetuate such waste?

It behooves you to judge this matter correctly, and not as you judged 125 of the cases you have tried. Especially is this true since you are opposed by a man who, as judge, has done the very opposite, and promises to continue it, and has saved his people thousands of dollars by having done it in the past.

Besides, the people in his jurisdiction know that he has done it, and that you have not done it—and they appreciate the contrast.

You must simply change your platform, and promise to do IN THE FUTURE as your OPPONENT has done IN THE PAST, if you have a desire to be re-elected.

There are still other matters which I wish to bring to your attention, even at the risk of causing your displeasure; but owing to the length of this letter, I shall leave them unsaid for the present.

Trusting that you will act with sanity in all things, but especially in the political venture now on, I am,

Very respectfully, CLIFFORD E. HAY.

(COMMENT.)

As Judge Spence is down and out, the average reader of this magazine might consider the space given to the letters themselves as wasted. However, Mr. Watson himself is doing all in his power to get better men in office and to stimulate the determination of the people to keep a closer watch upon the conduct of their public servants. Mr. Hay demonstrates with clearness and unanswerable facts how an incapable or corrupt judge may afflict his circuit. If our readers will carefully consider what he has written, they will have a clearer conception of what they should demand from their own judge. Inasmuch as the people can control whenever they try, it is extremely important that they should have the right idea as to the efficiency of judges, as of all other officers who are in the public service and amenable to public opinion.

Is Our Monetary System to Blame for the High Cost of Living?

To what shall we attribute the high cost of living? The increased output of gold, the tariff, the trusts, our young men leaving the

farms for the cities and the cold storage warehouses have been assigned as factors. The fact that the mischief is world-wide gives credence to the gold theory, as the other causes mentioned may be said to be local. We think that the gold theory is advanced by our great financiers and this gives it credence. If the increased output of gold is the chief cause, then the quantitative theory of money must be correct; "a material increase of the money without a corresponding increase in saleable commodities will increase prices." In considering the correctness of the gold theory we will give such statistics as we have at hand, mostly taken from the reports of the Comptroller of the Currency and the World Almanac. Learned men have from time to time made estimates of the gold in various counties and the world and the output of the various mines, from year to year, and the amount consumed in the arts and lost in various modes. But their estimates are to be likened unto the astronomer's measurement of the distances of the stars from the earth, which probably vary millions from the facts.

In 1873 the estimated gold of the world was $3,000,000,000, and that of the United States at $834,000,000. In 1904 the world's gold was estimated at $5,987,000,000, and that of the United States at $1,548,200,000. In 1910 the estimate of the gold of the world was $7,014,000,000, and that of the United States $1,612,200,000. It appears that the increase of gold in the world from 1873 to 1910 was about 3.6 per cent. per annum, and the increase of gold in the United States from 1904 to 1910 was about 3.26 per cent. per annum. The wealth of the country increased from $42,642,000,000, in 1880, to $107,104,200,000 in 1904, an increase of 6.29 per cent. by the year. From 1900 to 1910 the gold in circulation in the United States decreased from $610,800,000 to $601,400,000. If the foregoing premises are correct the output of gold has not been the cause of the increased cost of living. But what of our monetary system? Can it be that the art of swapping credit—making credit perform the office of money—is the cause?

Ashland, Wisconsin. JOHN JEFFERSON.

The Peculiar Policy of the Department of Justice

Washington, D. C., August 15, 1910.

Robert L. Rodgers, Esq., 66 Bedford Place, Atlanta, Georgia.

Sir: The Department has received your letter of the tenth instant, addressed to the "Document Division" of the Department of Justice, in which you request a copy of a report rendered recently by an examiner of this Department upon the office of the United States Attorney for the Northern District of Georgia. You state that you desire to see the report for a good purpose, and to see whether it is full and correct.

In reply, I beg to advise you that reports of examiners of this Department are confidential communications and, for that reason, it will be impracticable to comply with your request. If, however, you have reason to believe that the investigation was incomplete or the report incorrect in any material feature, I shall be pleased to receive any information you desire to transmit.

Respectfully,
W. R. HERR,
Acting Attorney General.

Atlanta, Ga., August 19, 1910.

The Attorney General, Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have before me now the letter of Mr. W. R. Herr, Acting Attorney General, of date August 15, 1910, being reply to my letter of August 10, to the Department of Justice, asking for a copy of the Report made upon examination of the office of District Attorney for the Northern District of Georgia.

You state to me that it will be "*impracticable*" to comply with my request. But you go on to state that, "if, however," I have reason to believe that the investigation was incomplete or the report was incorrect in any material feature, "I" shall be pleased to receive any information you desire to transmit.

Now, don't *you* think that is a pretty suggestion to come from the Department of *Justice*, your own Department? Do you venture to suggest to me to become a voluntary *informer*, without any sort of ground to report on the incompleteness of examination or incorrectness of the report? You get an examination made in the dark; made by a stranger; made in a closet; made by the personal statements of the very same person whom you were supposed to be investigating; made by *his own mouth and words*, and by and from *his own records;* made without anybody else having any knowledge of what was going on; made without any opportunity for any other person to offer any suggestion, or any other testimony; made under cover; made in a spirit and purpose of partisanship; made under notice and color of the fact that the President and the Attorney General had already announced their determination in favor of the reappointment of the incumbent; made for an excuse; made so that the party friends of the incumbent could have some pretext for calling upon the Attorney General and the President, to urge the appointment of a nincompoop defeated and discarded Democrat; made so as to allow certain suave and sinister Senators and Congressmen some party pretext for going to the Republican Administration for favor.

You take such Report, made on an ex-parte investigation, with the presumption of the favor of the Administration being inclined towards the incumbent of the office, you take it under cover, and carefully fold it and hide it away in a corner, in some obscure "pigeon hole," and call it a "confidential communication," and "for *that reason it will be impracticable* to comply" with my request. By what right of law or justice has the *Department of Justice* to treat any document of public concern as a private and personal "*confidential*

communication"? How may *I*, or any other person as a citizen, know whether the *secret* examination was complete or not complete? How may I, or any other person as a citizen, know whether the partisan and secret Report was correct or not correct? So far as the *public interests* may be regarded, in respect of the people, such examination or such Report might as well never to have been made. We may suppose that there was "something in the wind" to have called forth and caused such examination, but nobody knows here whether the proper point of error or default was ever examined or not. I may suppose that a letter by me to your Department may have had some effect in causing the examination to be made, but I do not know about it now. I was not invited nor directed to appear and give information there and then. Your Decomratic dummy was boosted up by his party friends, and Republican allies, for the continuance of favor and promotion, regardless of the examination and Report and your Party Machinery was set in motion, and kept in operation, by the windy influence of Democratic "fans," and the party President was persuaded to appoint the man, the dummy incumbent, who was thought to deserve and need investigation, and a good coat of whitewash to make an appearance of fairness and goodness, and the act was done regardless of any true investigation or of any adverse Report, and regardless of party interests or of any public opinion.

Yes, sir, I have sufficient reason to believe that the so-called investigation was incomplete and that the special secret Report was incorrect, but how can that matter to you? If for *that reason* it is "impracticable" for you to exhibit the special secret Report, how can I give you any specifications without being allowed to see the Report? Perhaps it is not my duty to furnish you with information, but it occurs to me that I should have a right to seek, and to obtain, information for myself from a public Department of the government, where it may be supposed that citizens have some interests, some concern, some rights which any perfunctory official may be bound to respect.

A public officer, who is incumbent by virtue of a supposed public appointment, acts and operates here, in the Department of Justice, *under a cloud*, both as to efficiency and integrity, and yet no one can be permitted to know the facts or the truth about it, on the ground of "*confidential communication*."

No wonder that we hear of the cry of "insurgency." I am an insurgent with regard to both parties. The so-called "Regular" Republican Administration being run here by dummy Democrats is enough to stir up insurrection.

Does your secret and special Report contain any reference to matters of "Gulf Department," or to "Coca-Cola," or Peonage cases?

Respecfully,

ROBERT L. RODGERS.

Second Thoughts of a Minute Philosopher

WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

For every bachelor is a mirror somewhere that reflects the woman that would make him a good wife.

A lover proclaims the merits of a woman at the club. A husband proclaims the merits of the club to his wife.

"Because" may be a woman's reason, but she will not accept it from a man as an explanation for coming home late.

When you mention running a newspaper to some editors they at once think of running after the delinquent and running from the indignant.

Some people talk so fast that the attention it takes to get all they say keeps us from noticing that they are not saying anything.

If everybody could get everything they want, nobody could keep anything they might want from anybody who might want it.

If the Suffragette movement should in time bring us Suffragette burglars, poor bachelors would live in constant fear of finding a woman under the bed.

When a magazine fails it suddenly dawns upon its life-subscribers that their subscription must have been for the life of the magazine instead of their own.

A few women get so much fun out of shopping that they really hope the articles they really buy won't last as long as the clerk promises, so that they can the sooner repeat the experience.

CHAS. E. RUSSELL'S MISTAKEN VIEW.

DEAR SIR:—Chas. E. Russell, in "Success Magazine" for February, says that the Democratic party died when it turned from Jeffersonian Democracy at the call of the slave power. I've seen this reference often in the writings of Northern authors.

What does it mean—*how* did the Democratic party turn from Jeffersonian Democrary at the call of the slave power?

Lincoln said in his Gettysburg speech that the men of the North who died on that field did so in order that government of, for, and by the people might not perish from the earth. How can this statement be true? Did not the men of the South act in that war on the idea that they were to perpetuate and not destroy government of, for, etc.? I never could understand the sense of talking about the South trying to destroy government of the people. Can you make it plain what Lincoln and those who agree with him meant by such a statement?

The *elite* of the cultured element of the North claim that Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and the letter to the woman who lost five sons in the army are unique in elegance of literary composition. Do you feel that this is so? Their simplicity and pathos are readily seen and felt; but that thousands of people in the South—and North, too—couldn't do as well I can't understand.

Let me commend you for the able and conclusive way in which you cut the ground out from under the negrophiles of the North and country generally in your articles on the negro. The man or woman who bemoans the negro's past or present condition is generally ignorant about the matter, or hypocritical, or sometimes both.

Any answer you can find time to give me to the questions above will be greatly appreciated. Yours truly,

Strasburg, Va. R. E. BERDEN.

ANSWER.

Charles E. Russell is a bright fellow, but he is densely ignorant of history. What he says about the slave power and Democracy is a monstrous absurdity. In the history of mankind, there never was a government more truly democratic than that which the slaveholders gave to this country. The public debt was paid off; a surplus of thirty-odd million dollars was returned to the States; the national bank was abolished; and the immoral protective principle stricken out of the tariff. The entire expense of the government was less than two dollars *per capita*. Honesty and frugality marked the public service—practically the sole exception being the dishonesty at the New York Custom House. There were no beggars and no starving poor. There was no "Army of the Unemployed." There were no swollen fortunes, created by laws which robbed one class to enrich another.

Senators did not legislate in the interest of their own pockets; nor was there any alliance between Big Business and Corrupt Politics. There were no ravenous Trusts devouring a helpless public. The cost of living was low; work, plentiful; prosperity, general. There was no unnatural, law-made disparity between the rich and the poor. Those who produced the wealth kept a fair share of it. Neighbor could borrow money from neighbor on a verbal promise to pay or on a simple due-bill, without having to sign away pretty much everything he had on the face of the earth.

Even the slaves were, as a rule, contented. The dismal wails which they brought from Africa gradually gave way to such merry jingles as "Liza Jane." Travelers will tell you that there isn't a merry melody to be heard on the Dark Continent. All of the native African music is sad. How could it be otherwise, when you realize that they have no conception of a happy hereafter, and when all their supernatural beings are malignant?

As a boy, I heard the darkies singing every day and night on the old plantation; and, from personal knowledge, I can testify to the cheerful character of their music. To pick the banjo, blow the quills, knock the bones together, "pat Juba," dance the gleeful jig, and sing some funny jingle, were favorite pastimes. Many and many a time, when I was a little boy, I went to the negro quarters at night to enjoy the fun. There wouldn't have been any of this if our slavery system had been what the pioneer Abolitionists claimed it to be. As the negro was much more valuable than the horse or the mule, it is strange that certain Northern writers never get the idea that it was to the interest of the slave-owner to treat his human chattel well.

My grandfather owned sixty-five slaves, and I never knew of a single one of them being whipped. They were well clothed, well fed, well housed. There was no stockade, and no

sentinels at night; yet I never knew one of them to run away. Some of them survive to this day; and they always speak of their old master in terms of highest respect and sincere affection. So deep was their attachment to the old plantation that some of them have never moved away. My old nurse is one of these; and whenever she sees me or one of my children, she appears to be as delighted as though we were her own folks. This is no exceptional case; the older set of Southern darkies are nearly all that way. There yet lingers among them a kindly feeling for their old masters and mistresses, who treated them humanely in the days of old.

(2.) There is nothing extraordinary in Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—unless it be his cool assumption that liberty would perish if the Southern Confederacy were established. It would have been immensely better for the human race and for human freedom if the South had won her independence. The Confederate Constitution was a vast improvement on that of the United States, and under Free Trade, the Southern people would have led the progress of the world.

It was a horrible crime to declare war on the South when she withdrew from a Union which no longer respected the original terms of the compact.

When the Northern capitalists joined the Abolition movement and seized control of the government, our downward course began. The corporations have been ruling the Republic ever since. Mr. Lincoln himself lived to see the day when he mournfully prophesied that a heartless plutocracy would destroy the simple republic of our forefathers. T. E. W.

HOW TO OBTAIN GOVERNMENT STATISTICS.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly answer through the Educational Department of your magazine the following questions:

1. To whom must I send for governmental statistics and for the Congressional Record?

2. Are these statistics and also the Record published at public expense and sent gratis and without postage?

3. What are the objectionable features of the postal savings bill as it was passed?

Answers to the above questions will be much appreciated. Yours truly,

Ostrander, Minn. Albert Hadland.

ANSWER.

(1.) To your Representative in the Lower House of Congress or to one of your U. S. Senators.

(2.) Yes. The Statistical Abstract is a most valuable compendium of facts relating to national banks, manufactures, railroads, insurance companies, agricultural statistics, population, etc. It is published by the Government at public expense, and sent free of charge upon application. Your immediate Representative in Congress or one of your Senators will have a copy sent to you upon request.

You can secure a copy of almost any public document by writing to your Representative or to the head of the department which publishes the report which you desire.

The Congressional Record is issued daily, and contains the proceedings of Congress. Each Senator and Representative is allowed to send a certain number free of charge—less than twenty, as I remember. Unless you put in your application in time to become the beneficiary of this Congressional privilege, it is necessary for you to subscribe to the Record as you would to any other daily publication, and pay for it.

(3.) One of the objectionable features of the Postal Savings Bank Bill is that it allows Wall Street to unload the 2 per cent. bonds on the Government. Another is, that it gives Wall Street speculators too easy an access to the people's money T. E. W.

AS TO OUR PRESENT JUDICIARY ELECTION.

Dear Sir:—Seeing that you answer quite a number of questions through the Jeffersonian, I take the opportunity of asking for some information.

1. Do you think the present mode of electing judges and solicitors of the courts best for law-abiding citizens?

2. Don't you think that men who are opposed to the enforcement of the law will rally to the support of judges and solicitors who will, they think, lean to them for political gains?

3. Don't you believe it would be better for the country if judges of the Superior Courts were appointed by judges of the Supreme Court, or appointed in some way in which politics could be eliminated? Yours truly,

Claxton, Ga. C. S. Grice.

ANSWER.

(1.) The present mode of electing judges and solicitors is an improvement over the old plan, where a committee of lawyers bossed the job. The people, however, need to be educated up to a higher standard; and they, in turn, should keep a closer scrutiny upon judges and solicitors. When a judge falls under the influence of certain members of the local bar—as they are too apt to do—they should be put out of office at the earliest opportunity. Public officials should be very careful how they accept private hospitality; and they should never accept favors from lawyers who have important cases pending in court.

In almost every county there are artful, plausible, designing lawyers who make a specialty of cultivating the officers of the

court. Their purpose is to secure influence which will be of benefit to them in the trial of cases.

The people should keep an eye on their judges and solicitors with a view to compelling them to be strictly impartial in the discharge of their duties.

When you see the judge always putting up at the house of a certain lawyer, and the solicitor juggling with him while the Grand Jury is in session, it is advisable to drop those officials at the next election.

The great evil of the present system is, that the people haven't been taking enough interest in their public affairs. Besides, we are too prone to vote for those whom we like rather than for those who, our judgement tells us, are the best men for the offices.

(2.) No; I can't agree with you about that. The danger does not lie in that direction at all. The lawless element is always in the minority, and public sentiment would never tolerate a candidate who openly leaned to that class.

(3.) No, indeed! The Supreme Court of Georgia is already too much of a corporation court. If we were to empower them to select the judges of the Superior Court, there would be no use in suing a corporation at all. It is my purpose to look up the records of some of these Supreme Court judges and to lay the facts before the people when they ask for re-election. T. E. W.

SOME QUERIES ON SOCIALISM.

Dear Sir: Please answer the following in detail:

1. What are the fundamental principles of Socialism?

2. Who are the principal leaders of Socialism?

3. Under Socialistic principles do you have to purchase a license before you can marry?

4. All the Solcialists who do not know anything about Socialism ask me the question if Adam and Eve possessed a marriage license when they were married.

Hartford, Ala. AARON WILKINSON.

ANSWER.

(1.) The basic principles of Socialism are as follows: Communism as to property—that is to say, no individual shall own land or other means of production of wealth.

Again, the organization of society, as we new have it, is to be abolished. While the true Socialists agree to this, none of them have yet been able to tell exactly what would be the new order.

They also contend that the marriage relation, as we know it, enslaves the woman. They therefore contend that it should be abolished. They contend that any man and any woman should be free to live together as man and wife whenever so inclined, and equally free to desert each other, whenever the relationship becomes irksome. Anybody who fails to see what a degradation this would be to women, and what opportunity it would give to bestial men must be very blind to the elemental facts of human nature.

The Socialists contend that all men are brothers, and they favor social equality with all inferior races, including, of course, the negroes.

They do not believe in the existence of supernatural beings, and they contend that, under Socialism, religion would die out.

They would abolish the headship of the family, relieve the husband and father of responsibility for the maintenance of wife and children, would have the wife look to the state instead of to her husband for support, and would have the children look to the state both for support and education.

(2.) The supreme leader of world Socialism is Herr Bebel, of Germany. Juarez, the French orator, is also a recognized leader. Maxim Gorky, Upton Sinclair, Morris Hilquitt, Eugene Debs, George D. Herron, J. A. Wayland, Victor Berger, are also prominent leaders of the movement.

(3.) No.

(4.) You might answer the Socialists who put that question to you by telling them that, according to the Bible story of Adam and Eve, the Almighty Himself united them in marriage. In primitive times there was, of course, no marriage license, but there was always the taking of vows; in other words, some ceremony which bound a man and woman together by the mutual ties of duty.

HERBERT SPENCER FOUNDED A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson.

Dear Sir: Your learning, labor, and courage elicit my profoundest admiration and sincerest support. Why more men are not embracing your ideas and propogating your principles must be due to mercenary minds or ignorance of the primordial principles that constitute a just government.

Mr. Watson, will you answer these questions?

1. Does the distinction of having originated a system of philosophy belong to Herbert Spencer?

2. Do you believe that it is possible to colonize the negro?

3. Is it a safe morality that considers "pleasure" the end of "action"?

4. Would it be best for the church to participate in politics? Sincerely,

Conyers, Ga. JOHN M. MORRIS.

ANSWER.

(1.) Yes. (2.) No. (3.) No.

(4.) Only to the extent of creating a public opinion that would purify politics and call for the best men to represent us in office.

"THE SOWING OF SWORDS OR THE SOUL OF THE SIXTIES." By Elizabeth A. Meriwether. New York; Neale Publishing Company.

Beyond all question this is the best story of the Civil War period which has yet appeared. With a perfection of art and very great fertility of invention, the authoress begins her story with a description of the home life of a typical New England abolitionist. He is a self-centered Puritanical preacher, whose stern exaction wears out the lives of his wife and children, and whose monomania voices itself in wild denunciation of the Southern slave-holders.

One of his daughters is sent into Dixie by the Abolition Society to foment discontent among the slaves. Concealing her mission, she advertises for and secures a position as governess in a Louisiana family. She thus effects her entrance into the home of wealthy, slave-owning "aristocrats." In spite of herself, she is forced to admit that the negroes are indulgently treated and the white-handed Southern "aristocrats" are captivating people. She falls madly in love with the young master of the big plantation, and this passion changes to an intense desire for revenge when she discovers that the young patrician is devotedly attached to his cousin.

How she secretly plays upon the ignorance and prejudice of some dissatisfied negroes on the place and how her dark intrigues finally wreck the home in which she has been sheltered is told graphically and with consuming interest.

The story deals with General Butler's rule at New Orleans; with the terrible experience of a Southern plantation in the hands of Federal troops; with atrocities committed by the slaves, who have been roused to action by the Northern incendiary; with the ruin of a happy Southern home, and with the terrible retribution that falls upon those who are responsible for the tragedy.

In no book whatsoever have I seen a delineation of Civil War conditions which so completely satisfies my mind. It is not morbid; it is not melodramatic; it is not exaggerated—it is simply and terribly true to life.

THE ANNALS OF ANN, by Kate Trimble Sharber; the Bobs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This is an attractively bound volume and will make an apperciated holiday gift book. The annals of Ann deal with the every-day life of common-place people living in a small town. Some of the entries in Ann's annals read rather raw, even for a "country girl," but the book is a safe one to trust in the hands of young people, and this is rather more than one can say of the majority of books published now.

The author follows the style of Kate Douglas Wiggin to a great degree, and the tale of a girl's uneventful life, which is rendered bearable by her interest in other folks' affairs, and the logical ending of everybody's love affairs, will interest many with a wholesome interest.

The book is well illustrated.

THE ROAD TO PROVIDENCE. Maria Thomson Daveiss. The Dobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

It is always with a feeling of acquaintanceship that one meets anyone in fiction resembling the famous Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and in "The Road to Providence," one has this pleasure in the character of "Mother Mayberry." The doctor, counselor, comfortor and friend of everyone within walking or calling distance, Mother Mayberry straightens out the tangles of domestic and physical ills, with a master hand.

A pretty little romance is interwoven and the book is one of clean, healthy interest. Some very good illustrations add greatly to the beauty of the volume and "The Road to Providence" should be a good seller.

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8666—A PARTICULARLY GOOD STYLE FOR DRESSY OR GENERAL WEAR.

Ladies Waist, in High Neck Style, or with Chemisette and Yoke Band.

This is a model which may be made in almost any material. The removable chemisette if used, could be of contrasting material, all over lace, or embroidery. The sleeve may be made in short or full length. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches bust measure, and requires 3 5-8 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8411—A NATTY SAILOR SUIT FOR OUR BOY.

Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the sailor suit seems to be popular forever, and it is surely a convenient and com-

fortable garment. As here illustrated, with double-breasted fronts, a jaunty sailor collar, plaited sleeve and well-cut "Knickerbockers,' it is a suit that any boy may be proud to wear, and it is easy to make. The design is suited to wash fabrics or woolen goods. It is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for the 8-year size.

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8643—A MODEL FOR DRESSY OR GENERAL WEAR.

A very simple, but effective dress suitable for school wear if made of dark and serviceable material, or desirable for more dressy wear if made of cashmere, albatross or other soft material. It could be of cashmere with yoke and sleeves of lace to give a guimpe effect, while of lawn or batiste and without the collar, it would be a neat dainty party dress. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 years, and requires four yards of 24-inch material for the 4-year size.

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8543—A PRETTY MORNING DRESS.

For morning wear there is nothing that quite takes the place of a comfortably fitted wrapper. This one is cut on excellent lines, and is adapted to a variety of materials. The front fullness is laid in fine tucks to about yoke depth, and a round collar completes the neck. Full-length sleeves ending in narrow bands or shorter ones finished by a frill of lace are both included in the pattern. The fullness is held in place around the waist by a ribbon tied in front, but a belt of the material will do as well. Cashmere, challis, albatross and percale are all suitable for reproduction. For 36-inch bust measure 9 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

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8686—A COMFORTABLE, DESIRABLE COAT MODEL.

Girl's Coat in ¾ or Shorter Length, with or without Cuff, and with Two Styles of Sailor Collar.

Broadcloth, velvet, silk, pique or linen may be used for this model. The fronts are double breasted; the back is fitted with seams to the shoulder. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years and requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material for the 8-year size.

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8503—A STYLISH LITTLE DRESS.

This charming little model has the front in Princess effect and the body portion attached to a circular skirt. Two styles of sleeves are given, elbow length or full length bishop sleeves. Challis, cotton voile, pongee and the washable fabrics are all suitable for reproduction, with braid and buttons for trimming. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 years, and requires five yards of 24-inch material for the 10-year size.

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8570-8572—A MODISH GOWN.

The charming costume here illustrated lends itself to a wide range of materials such as mohair, poplin, henrietta cloth, pongee and satin. The present development is chiffon broadcloth, trimmed with bands of satin-covered buttons. The low round neck is finished by a Dutch collar, laced together in front by a gold cord with tassels or ornaments. The yoke and standing collar are of tucked net. The skirt is one of the new plaited models in Princess panel effect in front. The upper part fits closely to the figure in prevailing style. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material. The waist runs from 32 to 42 inches bust measure and requires 2¼ yards of 44-inch material.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, a waist and a skirt, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each in silver or stamps.

8418—LADIES' SKIRT.

Many dressy gowns are made with tunics. The skirt here illustrated is made over a gored foundation that is lengthened by a circular flounce. The tunic has a bias seam in front and back where it is sharply pointed. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 7⅜ yards of 27-inch material for the tunic and flounce, for 26-inch waist measure.

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5811—INFANT'S SET—ONE SIZE.

Consisting of a pretty round yoke dress, a plain little slip, a kimono, barra-coat, night gown and petticoat.

The daintiest of needlework and materials as fine as one's purse will allow, are the requisites when planning the outfit for the wee baby. The sheerest and finest of nainsook or Persian lawn is used for the dresses, and no prettier finish could be desired than a deep hem with a cluster of hand-run tucks above it. The little dress here illustrated is gathered to a round yoke made of alternate bands of tucking and fine Swiss embroidery. A touch of hand work always gives a distinction that nothing else will, and the yoke might be embroidered with a tiny spray across the front. Longcloth was used for the little slip and also for the night gown, which is the simplest of garments to make. The sleeves are cut in one with the body of the gown and box-pleats are laid in at the shoulders to be let out as Baby grows. The petticoat is known

as the "Gertrude," and buttons at the shoulders. It is a vast improvement over the old-style petticoat with a waist, as it slips on and off easily and avoids the necessity of pins. The kimono is one of the most useful of garments for the baby, it is made of soft, white flannel, and ties together with ribbons under the arm, so there is no pulling and twisting of the little arms in putting it on. The edges may be buttonholed or feather-stitched with white or colored silk. The dress will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the making. The little slip will take 2¼ and the petticoat, night gown and kimono will each require two yards. The bara-coat will need one yard of flannel for the skirt, and one-half yard of cambric or muslin for the body.

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8546—A NEAT WORK APRON.

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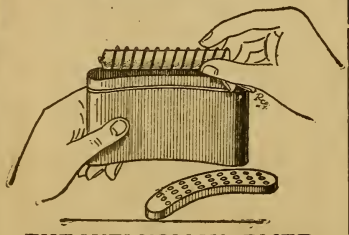

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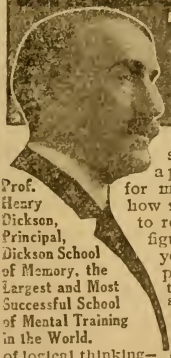

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